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New York Fear*

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This One



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FEBRUARY 1987

THE COVER:
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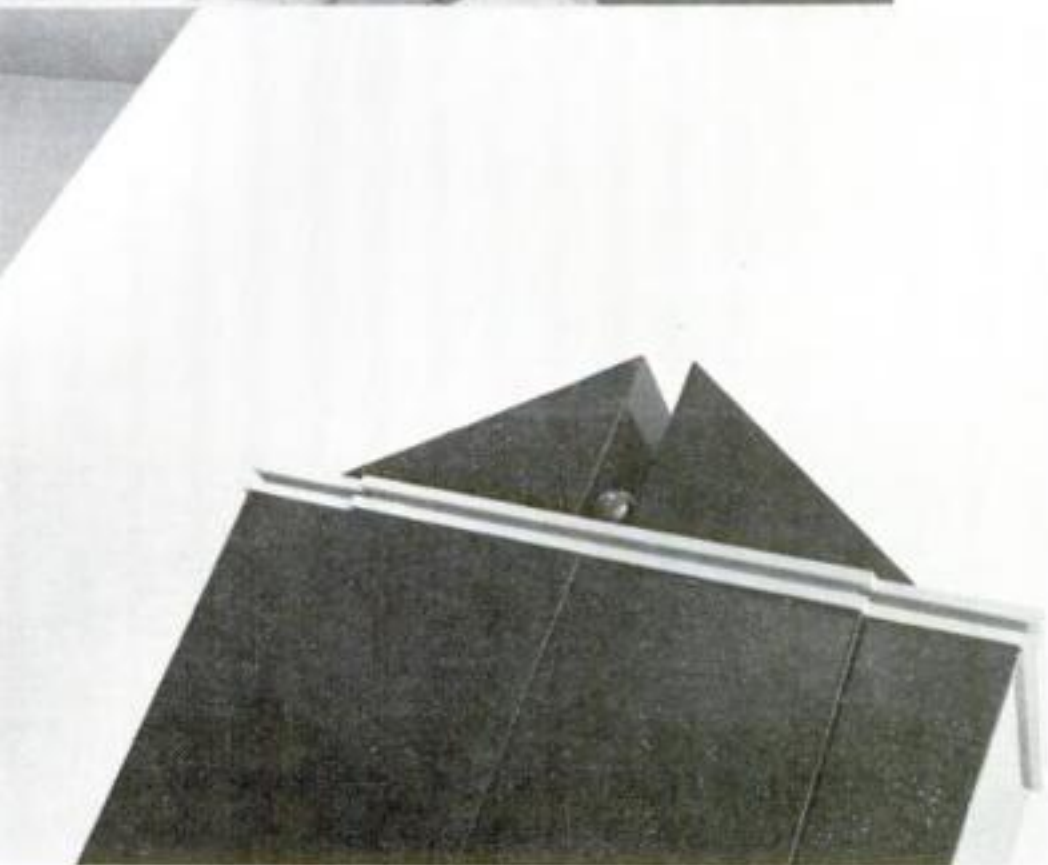
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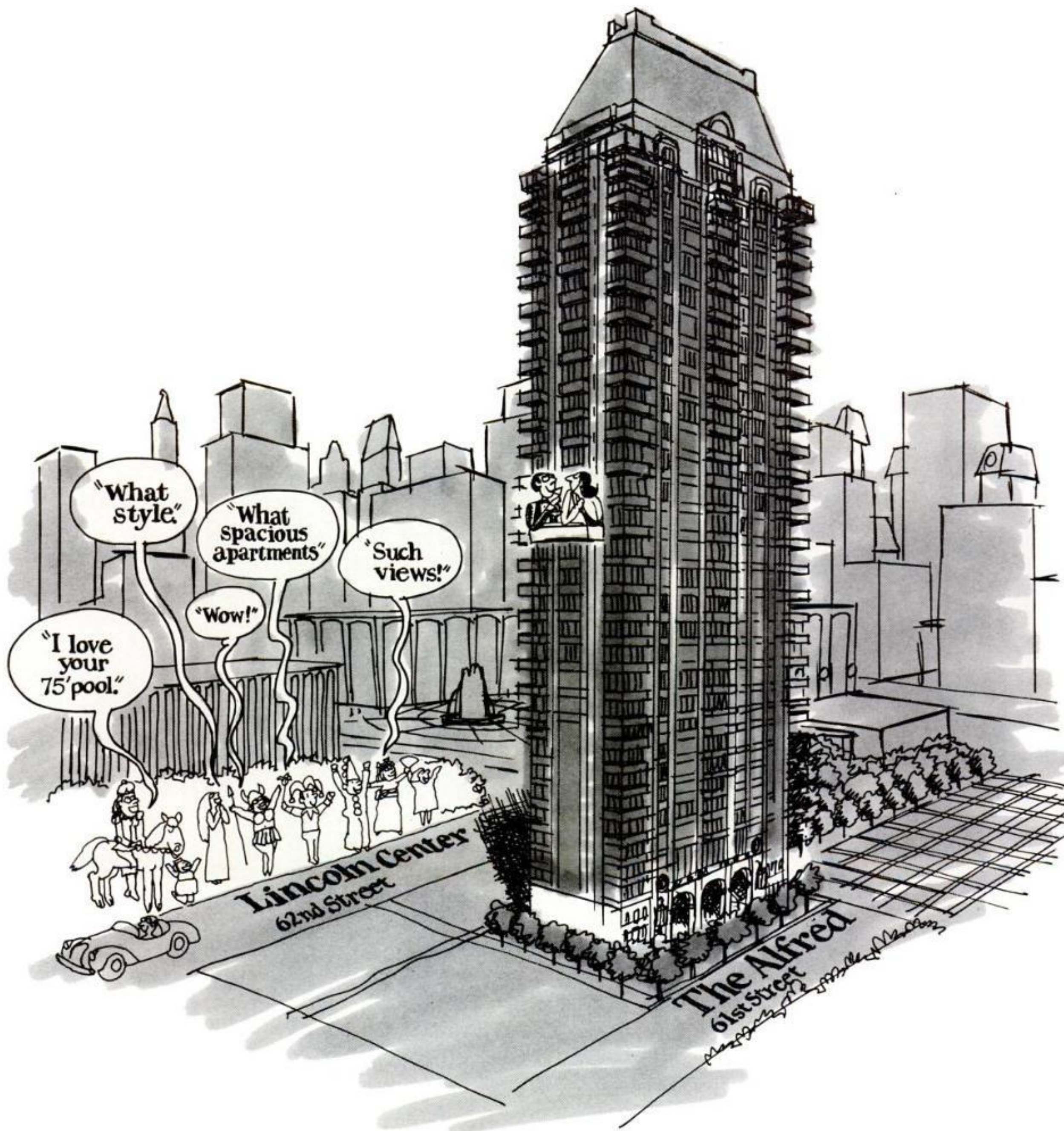
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BOB · KAT



Bravo, Alfred

It can't sing, read a line or play a note. Yet, it's the new star of the Lincoln Center neighborhood.

It's The Alfred, a free-standing 38-story condominium tower, rising directly across the street from Lincoln Center. Just opened, it's playing to rave reviews.

"I didn't believe such park and river views still existed." "The wood-and-leather lobby is a stunning scene stealer." "The security measures deserve a standing ovation." "The recreational facilities—especially the 75' U.S. records length indoor pool—are a tour de force."

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Pre-completion prices: One bedrooms from \$229,000/Duplexes from \$318,000/Two bedrooms from \$331,000/Three bedrooms from \$452,000. *Prices subject to change

without notice. Special financing available.

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less than it was in 1900, and it scares us.

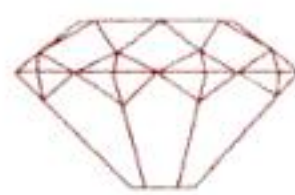
The 1980s Just Ended Early



THE 1980S JUST ENDED EARLY. A DECADE IS DONE, THE ZEITGEIST IS SHIFTING, AND WE COULDN'T BE MORE PLEASED. ALL IN ONE BRIEF, blissful orgy of revelations, the big boys with the magic touch have been caught in the act: Ivan Boesky, the personification of private sector a-go-go, criminally greedy, and sees that Ronald Reagan, Decade, is dangerously even a liar. Such fun! daydream (1981-86) that antidote to the long na-



admits he's everyone finally the Guy of the dumb, and maybe The long national had been the tional nightmare



(Watergate) is over. Rise and shine. * Conviction of the Mafia's management committee was nifty, too, but why is it that only Italian-American crookedness is called organized? Okay, Leona Helmsley doesn't, as far as we know, run numbers or sell heroin, but her alleged scheme to avoid paying sales tax on jewels sounds damned well organized to us. No, Henry Kissinger doesn't sell cement or have his enemies rubbed out (well, not since Cambodia, anyway, and that was a long time ago), but according to former Bulgari employees interviewed by *The Village Voice*, Kissinger was a beneficiary of the same tax-free jewelry trick. * "May those who read my book," Boesky wrote in *Merger Mania*, "gain some understanding of the opportunity which exists uniquely in this great land." This is one patriotic fellow. Indeed, we have it from a reliable source that in his office, opposite the bank of video monitors on which he scrutinized his underlings, Boesky had Old Glory as well as the Israeli flag hanging proudly. And the civic spirit didn't stop there. Like his erstwhile co-conspirator Dennis Levine, Boesky, it turns out, was a campaign contributor to Senator Alfonse D'Amato—a man who has built a political career on buddying up to crooks just before they get caught. * If you're like us, you find yourself taking your lead on most political matters from Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. He has a way with words and an impish joie de vivre that remind us of the way President Reagan used to be. Although Khomeini criticized the Irani officials who bought missiles from the

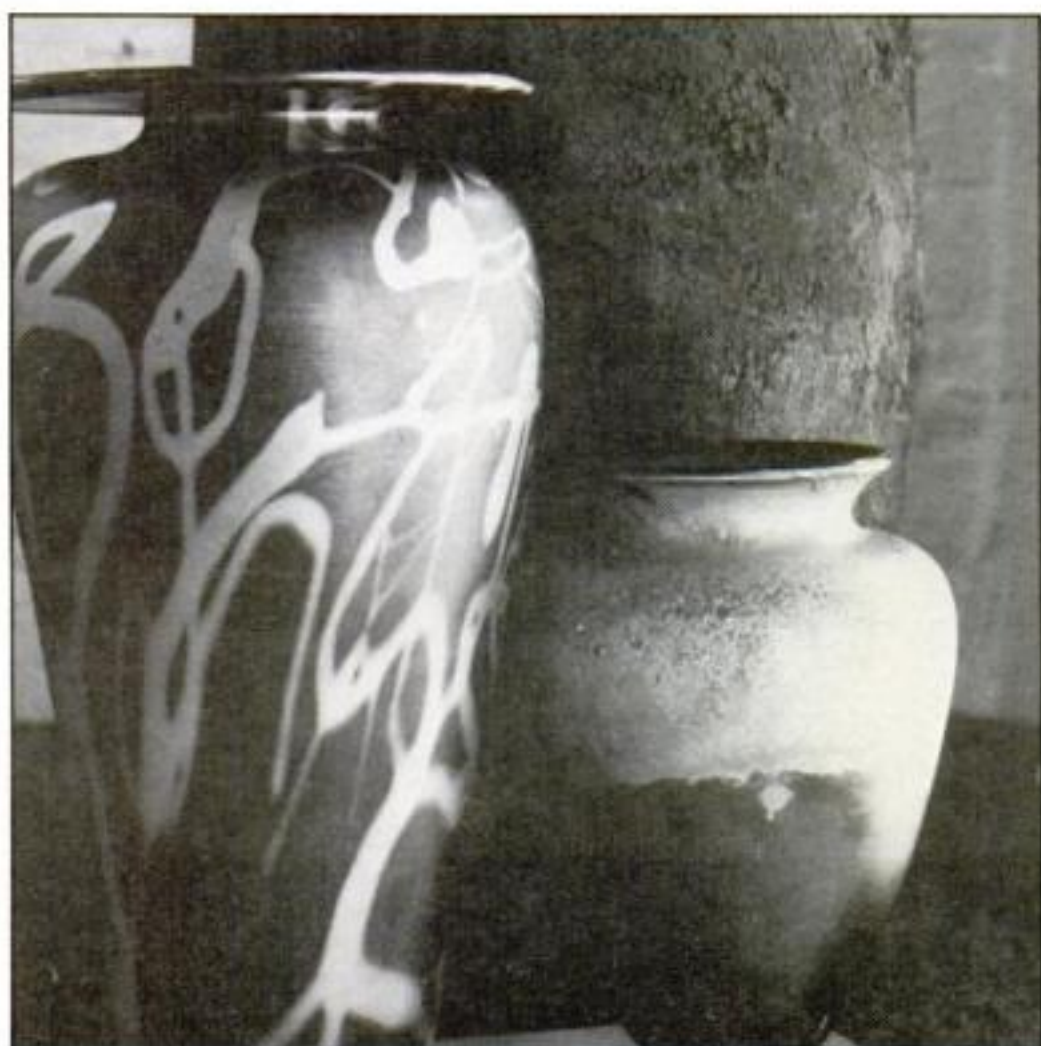


U.S. for being too "Satan-oriented" (and that whole devil-centered life-style of theirs concerns us too), he was delighted by the resulting American political brouhaha. "One thing I congratulate everyone on is the great explosion which has occurred in Washington's Black House," Khomeini said, demonstrating the clever wordplay for which he is famous, "and the very important scandal which has gripped leaders of America." * Murph the Surf, the second-story



we recently discovered that the area of New York City is 13.4 square miles

W A L L E N G R E N / U S A



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sharpie who stole the Star of India sapphire (and, more intriguing, was once accused of beating up Eva Gabor), has won his parole at just the right moment. The return of Murph, the most notorious jewel buff in America, to an upright life should give hope and inspiration to Helmsley, Kissinger and the rest of what we like to call the Bulgari gang. Murph, like President Reagan and the Ayatollah Khomeini, claims now to be a man divinely inspired. Furthermore, like Reagan's (in Grenada) and Khomeini's (in Iraq), Murph's holy crusade takes the form of invasion: just before Christmas, Murph was to be part of something called the National Prison Invasion, in which 30,000 Christians marched into penitentiaries all over America to convert the wicked.

In honor of this year's 200th anniversary of the Constitution, Warren Burger wants to print 50 million pocket-size copies of the document and offer them for sale at supermarket checkout stands everywhere. This could be a marketing mistake. Warren Burger may never have been to a supermarket checkout stand before. He may not realize that he's going to be putting the 7 articles and 26 amendments in direct free-market competition with *The Globe*, *Self* and recipes for cakes made entirely of pink icing. *Look here, honey*, the frowsy woman at the register is supposed to say to her husband, *an 84-year-old grandma gave birth to a baby Bigfoot—and it's unconstitutional for the Senate to originate an appropriations bill.*

This is a citizenry, after all, that has just put the actor who played Gopher on *The Love Boat* in the House of Representatives. And by the way, now that he's there, maybe he can launch some special congressional investigations. Okay, first Erik (*CHiPs*) Estrada's godfather is murdered—and his body is found alongside some kind of altar, next to a machete, some dead chickens and a live chicken. Then the 54-year-old California man who was the model for the Big Boy statue dies—right after the Big Boy company announced it was cutting back on the statues. Coincidence? *Voodoo!*

Forgive the frenzy. But all at once, at the end of 1986, cocaine, the drug of the decade, came to be seen even by sophisticates as an ugly habit; Lorne Michaels, the creator of *Saturday Night Live* and thus the cultural impresario of the decade, prepared to write a movie (*Women, Money and Restaurants*) that sounds like a memoir; and the New York State Board of Regents decided that Sun Myung Moon, the guru of the decade, has become establishment enough to grant bona fide master's degrees.

See? We told you the '80s were over. ☺

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DEAR EDITORS **T**hanks for the opportunity to write letters to the editor of *The New Yorker*. But where is the letters column in SPY?

What I want to know is, where is the story on a fancy Philadelphia society wedding? And why isn't Sidney Kidd listed on your masthead as editor emeritus, or founder? The sly reference on page 56 of the November issue isn't enough.

David B. Pittaway
Brooklyn, New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** particularly enjoyed (and chortled over) the cub reporter interviews ["Meet the Press"] by Eric Kaplan.

Does the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle have anything to do with volatile reporting? Or journalistic folly?

Lisa Kaston
New York

DEAR EDITORS **P**lease cancel this pseudo-tongue-in-cheek, supposedly impish piece of drivel.

Louisa Carol DePaola
Kew Gardens, New York

DEAR EDITORS **I**'m sorry to say that I do not care for your magazine. It is not only overpriced, it is also boring.

Angela T. Pinelli
Hillsborough, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS **T**he first issue prompted me to make a frantic appointment with my eye doctor. Any magazine that requires a magnifying glass to read The Fine Print—not to mention the pica-size print in the other articles—is not for me. I realize that this was the first issue, but I'm amazed that you would allow it to be issued before there was a dressing-down of all departments. Compare a copy of *Vanity Fair* (\$2) with SPY (\$2.50), and need I say anything further?

Harold Mattsson
New York

DEAR EDITORS **W**hen will your article on Jerzy Kosinski appear—or did you merely dangle him as bait, knowing that notoriety draws interest?

And if I wish to become a fashion designer, can I still expect advice and guidance from your magazine?

Am I to assume that the Ten Most Embarrassing New Yorkers are also the Ten Most Ambitious Social Climbers? As the huge majority of New Yorkers are social climbers, can

the practice be deemed embarrassing?

Please enlighten me on the questions posed above. I think your magazine, advertised as charming and acerbic, should also be forthcoming. . . .

Peter F. Skinner
New York

For advice on becoming a designer, see November ("Can Anyone Be a Fashion Designer?"). For a discussion of New York's social climbers, see page 56 of this issue. For a glimpse of Jerzy Kosinski, just wait.

DEAR EDITORS **I** want to thank David Handelman for exposing Mr. Cosby. I mean, I stopped watching *The Cosby Show* before Christmas of its first season. And I have long since been using his commercials

LETTERS TO SPY

as bathroom and snack breaks. But trying to get us to believe that he needs E. F. Hutton to be able to pay for his children's college education—well, that was the last straw. For hell's sake, Cos, why bother with E. F. Hutton when my mattress is just as safe a bet, considering your wealth—which, from the evidence, you often do.

Thank you, Mr. Handelman.

Bret Wunderli
Watertown, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS **S**PY is terrific. The graphics: absolute shit. So precious. So self-conscious. So challenging to one who wants to read without being *arted* to death.

And, according to *Adweek*, these design directors had magazine experience? Why didn't they stay with the magazines that provided the experience?

Trade 'em in.

Sheldon S. Sachs
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** am enjoying your magazine very much. In general, I think your existential position re *The New Yorker*, fashion, etc., is so right on that it figures in my dreams.

Faye Levine
New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime phone number. ☺

WINNING AND LOSING THE NOBEL PRIZE

We've already heard the stories of Elie Wiesel's long, weaselly campaign for his Nobel Peace Prize. But SPY has now learned that the 1986 prize did not at first go to Wiesel at all. In fact, the Nobel committee's first choice was Brian Urquhart, the Briton who retired last year as the United Nations' under-secretary-general. The decision in favor of Urquhart was reversed, apparently, only after a ferocious last-ditch campaign by Wiesel partisans. Indeed, Norwegian reporters were told unequivocally by their Nobel sources that Urquhart was the winner, and they'd already made arrangements to interview him. ③

THE MONTHLY WALL STREET SCORECARD

It's always a shame when a few rotten apples spoil the fun for everyone. Sadly, because of the Boesky revelations, the public believes that Wall Street is thoroughly rotten. It simply isn't so. We prepared the lists below to show that many ruthless capitalists *do* play fair. And if by some mischance a few more people should slip into the left-hand column by being indicted or charged with securities crimes, remember—an indictment doesn't necessarily mean these people are guilty. It just means the government and a grand jury firmly believe they are. That's all.

MAJOR FINANCIERS AND TRADERS CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

Ivan Boesky
Dennis Levine

MAJOR FINANCIERS AND TRADERS NOT CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

Sid Bass
Sam Belzberg
Asher Edelman
James Goldsmith
Carl Icahn
Irwin Jacobs
Boyd Jefferies
Michael Milken
Ronald Perelman
T. Boone Pickens
Martin Siegel
Saul Steinberg

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF NEW YORK, PART IV

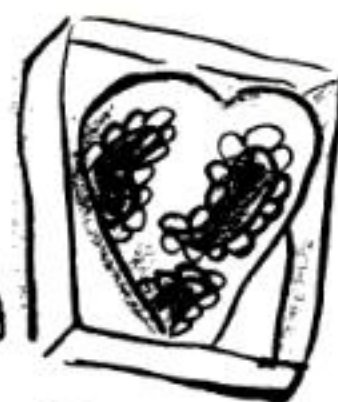
Evolution

1950s



Chocolate Heart

1960s



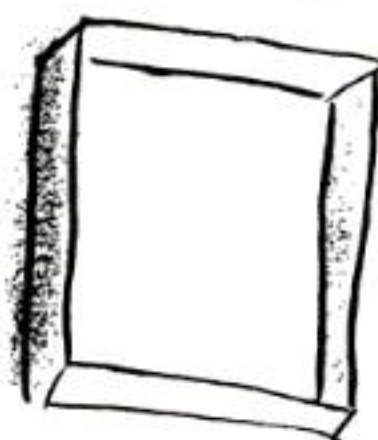
Paisley Heart

1970s



Glass Heart

1980s



No Heart

(1990s- No Box)


pend engrast

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING

The restaurant violations listed represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.


FOREST & SEA TOO RESTAURANT

2262 Broadway

Inspectors found that the fan guards, slicer, Litton microwave and refrigerator shelving were encrusted with old food. Also, the food protection certificate was not available. 

THE GREAT AMERICAN HEALTH BAR

30 West 48th Street

Quiche and baked ziti were stored on the range shelf and atop the toaster in the kitchen at 120 degrees; they were ordered returned to either the refrigerator or the oven. Tuna and egg salads were stored on a cold table at 70 degrees; they were ordered to be put into the refrigerator. There were holes in the floors and walls throughout the premises, the vent hood was dust- and grease-laden, and used soda cans were stored on the floor of the basement storeroom. 

TORTS FROM THE STATE COURTS

Case No. 01667

Rodney Dangerfield and Paper Clip Productions Inc. v. NBC Sports

Comedian Rodney Dangerfield contends that he was approached in November 1985 by NBC

Sports producer John Filippelli, who invited him to participate in NBC's pregame and halftime shows of the Super Bowl, which was played on January 26, 1986.

Dangerfield, realizing this to be "valuable media exposure time," proposed that he and his company, Paper Clip Productions Inc. (PPI), produce two features, one of them three minutes long, and the other one minute long.

Dangerfield was to deliver scripts for NBC's approval by January 6. According to the complainant, the agreement between Dangerfield and NBC said, "If the features as delivered are accepted by NBC as complying with the scripts, NBC would air the three minute feature during the last 45 minutes of the Superbowl [sic] pre-game program and the one minute feature during the Superbowl halftime program, with a 15 second lead-in, and a 15-second lead-out." For this, NBC would pay \$10,000.

Dangerfield contends that the scripts were submitted by the sixth, that they were approved by Filippelli and executive producer Mike Weisman, that his company produced the two tapes at a cost of more than \$50,000, that Filippelli was present during the entire shooting on January 9, that a master tape was delivered to NBC by January 13, that it was received enthusiastically and that the finished tapes

were delivered by January 20.

On January 22, Filippelli informed Dangerfield that NBC had decided to kill the one-minute spot and that the three-minute spot was in jeopardy as well.

Dangerfield immediately requested an injunction to force NBC to run both spots. On Super Bowl Sunday, only the three-minute spot ran.

NBC contends that "upon viewing both features it concluded that they were unacceptable" and "did not meet NBC broadcast standards," and that "despite its poor quality NBC aired the three minute feature." NBC claims it never approved the tapes in the first place.

Dangerfield is suing for \$7.25 million in damages.

No trial date has been set.

Case No. 08014

George Jordan v. Cyndi Lauper, 65 West Entertainment Co. Inc. Et Al.

In or around February 1979, George Jordan was hired by Cyndi Lauper to be the stage manager for her band, Blue Angel. Jordan contends that he was generally the only crew member, that he worked long hours performing nearly all of the band's support tasks, including setting up equipment and cleaning bathrooms. He performed this work for approximately \$100 a week, with the understanding that he would share the band's profits if it became successful. Jordan continued to perform these services for Lauper even after Blue Angel broke up, during the period Lauper recorded the hugely successful *She's So Unusual*.

(continued on page 13)

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Ellen Burstyn...



...and Louise Fletcher?



Vincent Price...



...and Eve Arden?



Zbigniew Brzezinski...



...and Jim Bouton?



Simone Signoret...



...and Ellen Barkin?

SIGN LANGUAGE

Suspend "logic" and "enjoy" these actual snippets "of" New York street signage.

ALL LEATHER GOODS BELOW-COST "PRICE"

—Sabra II Shoes, 44th Street and Third Avenue

MARTIN'S—THE BIG "DIFFERENCE!"

—Martin's Drug Store, 31st Street and Third Avenue

WE'RE SORRY BUT WE WILL "CLOSE" THIS EVENING AT 5:30

"YES" WE HAVE "FURNITURE"

"YES" WE HAVE SPANISH "RECORDS"

—Helpline Thrift Shop, 27th Street and Third Avenue

PIONEER "SLASHES" PRICES ON WINES; "SUPER" SALE

—Pioneer Discount Liquors, 24th Street and Third Avenue

JONIL "WELCOMES" N.Y.P.D. RECRUITS

—Jonil Smoke Shop, 20th Street and Third Avenue

WE HAVE COLD BEER AND "COLD SODA"

"SANDWICHES" TO GO

—Karl Ehmer Deli, 20th Street and Third Avenue

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORKER

DEAR MR. SHAWN,

I don't suppose you expected to see a letter from one of your own employees, but there's something that's been bothering me for some time now. Why the colored column on the left of every cover? What does it mean? And if it doesn't serve any purpose, why do we do it?

Anonymous *New Yorker* employee
New York

The border, we claim, is not on every cover. Sometimes, we add helpfully, the artist will include the border on the illustration itself. In short, we acknowledge, we don't know what it means, and when we do it, we don't know why.

DEAR MR. SHAWN,

The report by Philip B. in the November 3 Talk of the Town made some discerning points I'd like to support. He admires the Feelies because they wear cool clothes, including "basketball sneakers"; he can't stand bands that wear "tasteless" gear, including "high-top sneakers."

I know just what he means. I love groups that wear sweaters, but I hate ones that wear those woolly pullover things with no buttons on the front.

Mark Lasswell
New York

DEAR MR. SHAWN,

The New Yorker has never, in its 62 years of existence, published a list of its staff members. Every other publication in the world does. Why not you? Don't readers have a right to know who produces the magazine? I'm all for tradition and mystery and saving paper, but isn't it about time you printed a masthead?

Henry Possett
New York

Well . . . all right. Turn the page.

SPY welcomes letters to the editor of *The New Yorker*. Address letters to "Dear Mister Shawn," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. ☺

THE NEW YORKER

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¹ Retired, but still edits his wife, Janet Malcolm, as well as Roger Angell and Berton Roueché

² Retired, but back in harness lately

³ Head of "Pond," the typing pool named after its longtime chief, Harriet Walden

⁴ They may not print them, but they do answer them

⁵ Regular Talk of the Town writers

⁶ Late with story

⁷ Died in 1972, but his famous drawing is still pressed into service each year for the February anniversary-issue cover

a SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL

year ago Sallie Bingham's family finally sold their newspaper business, the Courier-Journal & Louisville Times Company, for several hundred million dollars. Sallie's share was around \$45 million.

Six months ago Sallie Bingham appeared on the cover of *Ms.* magazine (THE WOMAN WHO OVERTURNED AN EMPIRE), illustrating a package of stories on the very special misery of being—sing the *blues*—a rich woman. In addition to an essay by girlfriend-of-millionaires Gloria Steinem, the issue included a 5,000-word profile of Bingham and a long memoir-cum-essay by Bingham.

And now, it turns out, Sallie Bingham has become a philanthropist. Her most intriguing recent gift: a \$1 million grant to the Ms. Foundation for Education and Communication, which, of course, publishes *Ms.* magazine. ☺

AND DON'T MISS THE GRAND OPENING OF TRUMP TEMPLE THIS MONTH

From the Palm Beach edition of *The Miami Herald* on October 15:

"'You know, in Palm Beach there's an in-crowd and an out-crowd and no matter how much money he [Donald Trump] has, he will never be a part of Palm Beach's inner circle,' Marlene Rathgeb, who writes the horoscope column for *Elle* magazine, said matter-of-factly of Trump.

"'The fact that Trump is Jewish and because he's nouveau riche turns a lot of people off,' she said. 'In Palm Beach, the in-crowd is Old-Money WASP.'"

The same story ran in the regular edition of the *Herald* that day, but without Rathgeb's quote. ☺

WE CAN DISH IT OUT, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE IT

A reader asked us recently, "Why on earth did *Esquire* (a large, established magazine) carp so ungenerously at *SPY* (a smallish, new magazine) in its January Dubious Achievements issue?"

We think we may know. Last fall, 64-inch-high *Esquire* editor Lee Eisenberg proposed to write an article for this magazine to be called something like "Why You Can't Put Out a Humor Magazine in New York With No Jews or Italians on the Staff." The editors declined, partly because Eisenberg is so incredibly small, but also because *SPY*'s Jewish and Italian-American staff members might have asked for raises. ☺



THE SPY TRIP TIP: JERSEY'S BELOVED WHEEL OF GROCERIES

If you think of the central New Jersey coast as The Land That Bruce Forgot—a land of belching incinerators, go-go bars and inbred outpatients—you're right. But nothing reflects the true spirit of the Jersey shore better than Keansburg Amusement Park, an enduring monument to America's love affair with decay and degradation.

Proudly described by Albert J. Reid, a Keansburg park executive, as "the second-largest amusement entity in New Jersey," Keansburg's tatty jumble of rides is among the most unintentionally scary anywhere. The Spook House cars throw electric sparks as riders lurch past unseen creatures—unseen because nobody has replaced a light bulb in this claustrophobic rattrap in a decade. Planks fall, cobwebs brush your face, unearthly voices scream. Are they real or just special effects? Maybe a little of both.

The rusty, bolt-spitting Wild Mouse roller coaster was replaced a few years ago by the putatively safer Screamin' Demon, forever denying Jersey teens an experience akin to test-piloting a homemade V-2 rocket. What about gazing at the billowy Atlantic? Well, you can't do that here in Keansburg. There are majestic dirt bunkers to be scaled before you can glimpse Raritan Bay, where sewage from Staten Island's Fresh Kills dump laps against the debris-strewn mud beach.

At Keansburg's popular "Wheel of Groceries," hungry gamblers take a spin at feast or famine: 3 successful trysts with Lady Luck scores a carton of eggs, 38 wins brings home a canned ham. (A local referendum passed in 1959 permits these quaint mom-and-pop casino/grocery emporiums.) Apparently many corporate research departments consider Keansburg demographics ideal for test-marketing: the Wheel of Groceries helped determine the fate of diet Yoo-hoo (no go), new Coke (yes) and Ammonia Eaters (no).

Keansburg park was founded in 1906 as a bucolic ferry stop for day excursions from Battery Park, but the postwar automobile revolution gave New Yorkers easy access to less lethal beaches farther south. Bypassed by baby-boomed vacationers, Keansburg began its decline. Then new rides and arcades reestablished the area as a mecca for burned-out teenagers.

In the early 1980s arson claimed the old Club Miami and the classic Monster Barrel ride, but this setback seemed only to inflame the ambitions of boardwalk planners. Terminal Lunch, the Olde Tymer Bar and the Party Bar still rock with seventies hits, while the Gopher Brothers weave their musical spell at the refurbished Club Miami.

A new ferry service to Keansburg from South Street Seaport is scheduled to begin this year. No doubt the Wheel of Groceries will soon be upgraded: 4 wins might snag a bunch of radicchio; 12 wins, a Tupperware container of pasta primavera; and 150 lucky spins could win dinner for two at the nearby Club Benè Dinner Theatre, where Joey Heatherton has headlined.

—Jack Barth and Ken Smith



Keansburg is one hour from Manhattan. Take the Garden State Parkway south to Exit 117. Go east on Highway 36, then north at the Keansburg Beach sign.

NAKED CITY

THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

album and during tours of the U.S. and Europe that followed its release.

Jordan's salary increased to \$250 a week during this time, and he alleges that he again received an oral agreement from one of Lauper's managers, David Wolff, that he would share in Lauper's profits. He contends that he was laid off during the summer of 1984, having received no share of the profits. He says he pressed for money to pay his rent, was refused and, a week later, was fired. At that time, he was given \$3,000. He is now suing for damages in excess of \$2 million.

The defendants acknowledge that Jordan worked for Lauper during the time and for the salaries he said, but claim that Jordan's contract was with Blue Angel, not with Lauper, and that that band never made any profits. The defendants also note that Lauper filed for bankruptcy on October 20, 1982, which negates all claims existing prior to that point. Defendants also say that Lauper's tours of 1983 and 1984, on which Jordan worked, failed to make any profits. They also deny in general that Lauper owes Jordan any money from any band. Finally, defendants claim that "plaintiff had actual knowledge of the actions, conduct and facts now complained of for such an excessive length of time . . . that plaintiff is now barred by laches, waiver, and estoppel from asserting such claims."

No trial date has been set.

RUNNING INTO THE GROUND

Each year many people offer themselves for public office. Most of them don't win. Some of them can't take no for an answer.

HARRY FOTOPoulos, of the Inwood section in northern Manhattan, ran for Republican district leader in 1973, 1975 and 1977. Each year he won; each year he was running unopposed.

In 1972 he ran as both a Republican and a Conservative for the State Assembly in the 73rd District:

Lehner (D,L).....24,446
Fotopoulos (R,C).....13,178

In 1973 Fotopoulos ran as both a Republican and a Conservative for the City Council in the 6th District:

Friedland (D,L).....20,619
Fotopoulos (R,C).....6,934

In 1974 he ran as both a Republican and a Conservative for the State Senate in the 29th District:

Leichter (D)34,031
Fotopoulos (R,C).....8,850
Zaretski (L).....4,866
Black (Communist).....313

In 1976 Fotopoulos again ran as a Republican and a Conservative for the City Council:

Stringer (D).....33,312
Fotopoulos (R,C).....7,976
Michels (L).....3,252

In 1978 Fotopoulos filed signatures to run in the Democratic primary for the Assembly in the 74th District. He was ruled off the ballot (i.e., his petitions were invalidated). In 1979 he ran for Democratic Party district leader in the 74th District, Part C, and lost. In 1980 he filed to run in the Democratic primary

(continued on page 14)

f

THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

for the Assembly in the 73rd District. He was ruled off the ballot. He ran anyway, on the Republican, Conservative, Right To Life and Big Apple Party lines:

Murtaugh (D,L)16,000
Fotopoulos
(R,C,RTL,BA)4,653

In 1981 Fotopoulos filed to run in the Democratic primary for City Council. He was ruled off the ballot. In 1982 he filed to run in the Democratic primary for State Senate. He was ruled off the ballot. In 1985 Fotopoulos ran in the Democratic primary for City Council:

Michels8,847
Nuñez2,992
Fotopoulos1,459

Last November Fotopoulos ran for state senator in the 28th senatorial district and lost in the primaries:

Leichter12,695
Fotopoulos6,460

Grand totals:
Fotopoulos's
opponents161,373
Fotopoulos49,510

In 1973 SAMUEL D. MORELL of the Upper East Side filed to run in the Democratic primary for the City Council in the 7th District but was ruled off the ballot. He filed again in 1974 and was again ruled off. In 1978 Morell ran in the Democratic primary for the Assembly in the 68th District:

Grannis5,175
Lattey1,224
Morell682

In 1980 Morell ran in the Democratic primary for the City Council:

Dryfoos7,530
Baer6,690
Chocky3,764
Weinstein2,126
Spitz1,579
Morell816

Morell filed petitions to run for the City Council in 1981, but the election was canceled. It was held the following year:

Dryfoos6,750
Morell2,753

In 1985 Morell ran in the Democratic primary for City Council:

Dryfoos12,596
Mason6,211
Morell1,001

Grand totals:
Morell's opponents53,645
Morell5,252

T H E T I M E S

After months of careful reading and checking around with my various sources, I have learned something rather shocking about John Corry, one of the *Times's* two television critics. It seems that he has developed a schoolboy crush on Dan Rather and cannot stop himself from sending the CBS anchorman cute little mash notes in his reviews.

There's really nothing wrong with falling in love (even investment bankers have been known to do it), but I think it's just a little unsettling for us to have to read these billets-doux in our morning paper, when they would be better handled through the mail, or perhaps exchanged over a dinner for two at "21."

Instead, though, Corry sees fit to blow frequent kisses Rather's way. Recall, for instance, his review of last November's election-night coverage. Rather didn't just go to work that day, he "charged out the gate." Corry went on to assert that there was "no denying that Mr. Rather gets excited about elections like no other anchor." We really don't want to know how he confirmed that.

"And here [Rather] was," Corry wrote, "mentioning the pressure some of his colleagues face in putting on an election broadcast: 'You think brain surgery is pressure?' There's no disliking a man like that. Mr. Rather is too good-natured."

Much has been made of the fact that John Corry's wife held, until recently, a top-ranking position with the Corporation for Public Broadcasting—suggesting a possible conflict of interest for him as a TV critic. I never really gave that notion much credence. It was always painfully obvious to me that Corry cared far more about Dan Rather's happiness than about Mrs. Corry's.

Has anyone been able to find a noticeable difference yet between the *Rosenthal Times* and the *Frankel Times*? Not me. Maybe the headlines have been a little bigger; that two-deck banner headline on the Thursday after the election—DEMOCRATS REJOICE AT 55-45 SENATE MARGIN BUT STILL SEEK AGENDA TO COUNTER REAGAN—seemed a mite big. Democrats rejoice all the time. It's their

nature. It doesn't call for a banner.

So far all I've been able to learn about Frankel from my sources is that he is a ferocious tennis player on the courts at Fire Island, where he spends his summer weekends. So in the time-honored tradition of skewed editorial values at the *Times*, we should all expect to see increased coverage in the months to come of ferry-commuter problems, Saltaire property values and the growing jitney industry.

I will say that thus far Frankel has shown a scrupulous attention to accuracy, as evidenced by the exhaustive Corrections columns. (One recent catch: "The Bridge column yesterday, about the Minihouse Bridgamarathon in Rotterdam, the Netherlands, misidentified an operetta and its lyricist. The operetta is *Cox and Box*, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and words by Sir Francis Burdand, not Sir W. S. Gilbert.")

Frankel inherited one of the most radical changes in *Times* format that anyone can remember—the revamping of the front page of the Metro section. That was largely the work of John Vinocur, the latest in a long line of unpopular metropolitan editors, who will have departed for *The International Herald Tribune* by the time you read this. He followed in the footsteps of the unpopular Peter Millones (now assistant managing editor), who followed the unpopular Mike Levitas (now editor of the Book Review).

Column One is the best part of the page, though for Police and Law I would have preferred the experienced eye of Robert D. McFadden, who is the best rewrite man in the newspaper business. I've even heard a few people offer kind words for *Stories of the City*, by Mrs. Peter Millones—Deirdre Carmody.

But here's one cautionary note for those of you with a cute human-interest slice-of-life story you'd like to tell the world about. Don't call Carmody. Call Ron Alexander at Metropolitan Diary in The Living Section, and he'll send you a free bottle of champagne. (His direct-dial number is 556-1294.)

Sorry, Mrs. Millones, but it's a jungle out there.

—Miles Archer



LEONA'S
POCKET TAX
PAL

Clip out and
\$\$\$Save!

Amount
of Sale

\$ 0.01
10.00
100.00
1,000.00
10,000.00
100,000.00

to \$ 9.99
to 99.99
to 999.99
to 9,999.99
to 99,999.99
to 480,000.00

Tax to Be
Collected

None
None
None
None
None
None

CITY SPORTS

AGENCY STRESS TEST

*How to know when you've had too much stress—
& what to do about it.*



Stressful Situation

Nº 1

Rumors are rampant that your leading client is about to file Chapter 11, and you still haven't paid his media bills.

Antidote:

Get away from it all. Go skiing. Who knows — maybe you'll find a new prospect on the chair lift. Consult the January ski issue of City Sports Magazine to find out who's skiing where, and why.

Stressful Situation

Nº 2

A presentation that you've labored over long and hard for six months is rejected by the client because the sell is "too soft."

Antidote:

You need something hard to hit. Maybe a wall, using a racquet and ball. You can read about squash clubs, tennis clubs and racquetball clubs where cathartic smashes are always a big hit in each issue of City Sports Magazine, New York's guide to the active life.



Stressful Situation

Nº 3

You've just been passed over for the promotion to executive V.P. in favor of the nephew of your largest client.

Antidote:

Take a walk — a fitness walk. According to a recent feature in City Sports Magazine, walking is better for you than running, and burns off nearly the same calories. The premier issue shows how you can even beat the bus to work by walking.



City Sports Magazine,

CitySports
MAGAZINE

for active New York.

MEET THE PRESS

Joe Mastroianni: Okay, you've been working at *Entertainment Tonight* since 1982, um, do you, are you still as excited about working there as, like, your first day?

Mary Hart: Well, you know, there's a different excitement now, uh, because I've had a chance to see the show grow over four years. I've grown with the show, and I still have a fresh approach to my work each day.

Do you think that, um, with John Tesh you will have the same electricity that you had with Robb Weller?

Robb has always been such a joy to work with—I mean, we had fun, we laughed, there were lots of giggles on the set. John is fun but in a totally different way. He's a newsman who is very experienced at what he does, um, and he's real good.

Who's been your favorite interview?

I loved interviewing George Burns, because there is a spirit about him, a life, a zest for life.

When you were a kid, how did—were you striking as a, as a child?

Oh, I've always been plump. Oh, I wouldn't say I'm—I've always been perky.

Um, and, um, I—I'm not sure that you want to get into this now. I've heard that you are dating a man, a very important man, um, um.

Anybody I date would be important [laughs]—to me, anyway.

He's also quite rich.

Yeah, yeah.

I hear he has a wonderful plane.

His, his father. Now, now mind you, it's real important to differentiate. I'm not dating Adnan Khashoggi, I'm dating Mohamed Khashoggi.

You ran with the Olympic torch and you did a high-wire act for *Circus of the Stars*—I mean, which was more exciting as an athletic endeavor, do you think?

There was something that was inspirational about running with the Olympic torch—but walking the high wire was something that I specifically worked and trained for for three months, and it was scary. I'm in the process of working on another *Circus of the Stars* act, as we speak. I'm working with these two partners from England who are gonna spin me around and throw me upside down and hang me by my neck and by my foot and fling me all over the place.

I hope not by your neck.

Yeah, by my neck. I have my noose in my, uh, suitcase.

I'm just wondering, um, how you feel about being a professional. Um, is it really important to you to be a professional, or is it just more that you love your job?

I think it's real important not ever to take things too seriously, or so seriously that you lose a sense of humor. You know, in life, there is no such thing as a perfect scorecard, and there is no such thing as constant success, so you've got to take everything with a grain of salt. ☺



MARY HART,
Entertainment
Tonight cohost
and reporter



JOE MASTRIANNI,
SPY cub reporter

ENCHANTING AND ALARMING EVENTS UPCOMING

January

1 "Visit Thailand Year" begins. But you knew that.

6 Sherlock Holmes's 133rd birthday. The graph that tracks the number of deerstalkers being worn around the city leaps upward.

12 "The Landscape of the Table." Lecture at the Cooper-Hewitt; 12:30–2:30 p.m. Experts look at options available in the matter of plates, flatware, goblets and linens.

14–18 and 21–25 *The Ice Capades*; Madison Square Garden. Stars include Bob Moore's Amazing Mongrels, "twelve dogs of doubtful heritage, displaying the utmost in action, comedy and organized confusion!"

15 Charo born, 1951.

18 *The Rise and Fall of the Borscht Belt*, a film; at the Jewish Museum.

23–25 International Cat Show; Madison Square Garden. Gremlin, a hairless cat, will be there, along with other mutant Sphinxes.

24–31, February 1

Greater New York Home Show; at the Javits Center; \$6. ATTEND how-to seminars on making your home more energy-efficient, evacuating your home in case of fire and retiring to a Sunbelt state. SEE a model home actually furnished and landscaped (that means mulch and sod and trees) indoors. REVEL in a "maze of kitchens and baths."

25 Super Bowl XXI; at the Rose Bowl, in Pasadena. Accompanied by what seems like VIII or IX hours of coverage.

29 Chinese New Year (4685, the Year of the Rabbit).

30 Wanamaker Millrose Games; Madison Square Garden. Still the indoor track-and-field meet. Usually features Eamonn Coghlan and approximately 500 college relay races. In keeping with tradition, the loudest cheers of all are reserved for the "no smoking" announcement early in the evening.

February

2 Groundhog Day.

9–10 Westminster

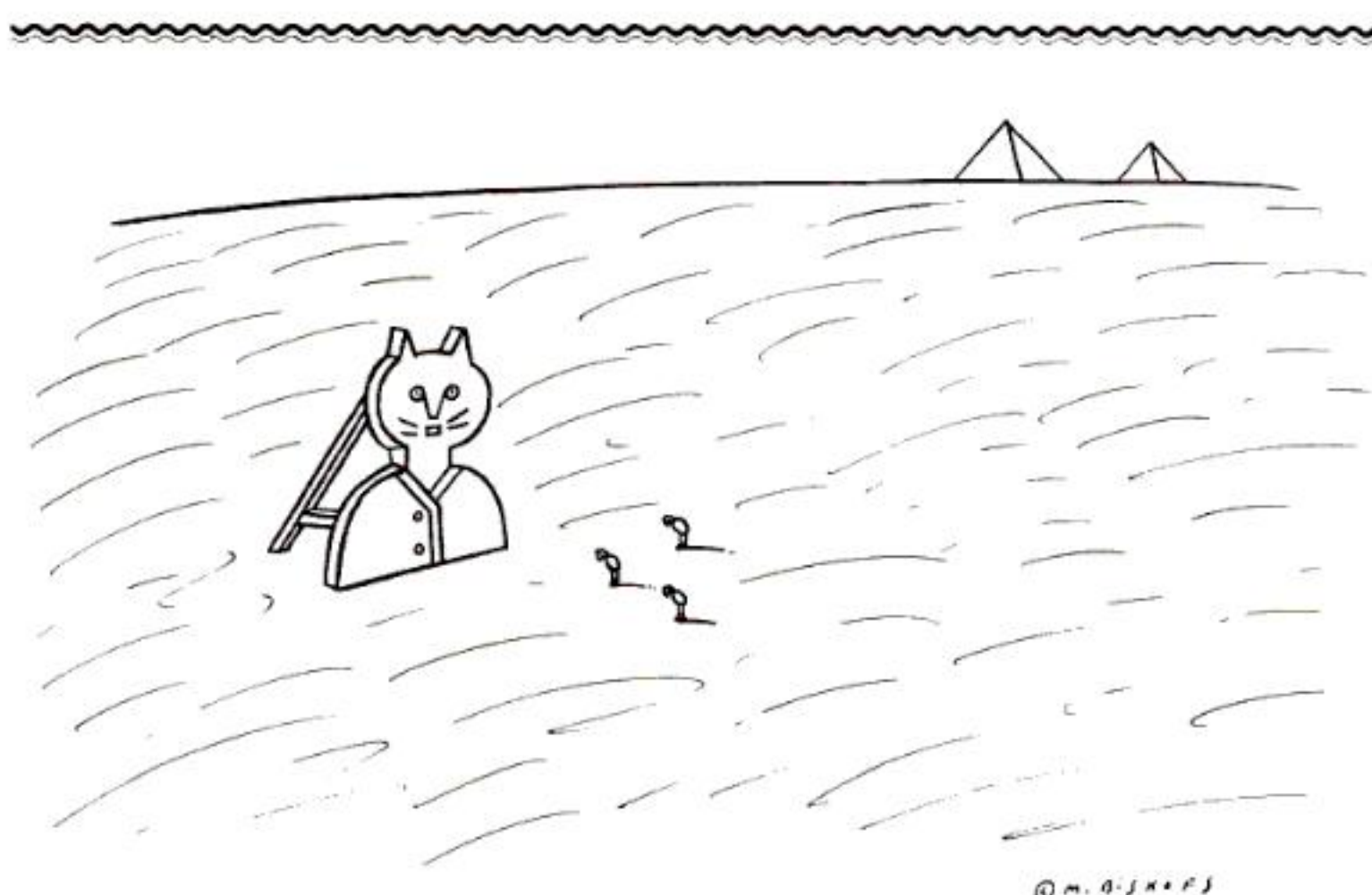
Kennel Club Dog Show; Madison Square Garden. Purebreds only. Bob Moore's Amazing Mongrels, of *Ice Capades* fame, are "welcome to come if they buy tickets," according to a dog show representative.

13 Full moon. All kinds of erratic behavior excused.

14 Valentine's Day. No kind of forgetfulness excused.



16 Washington's Birthday Parade; Fifth Avenue. Live coverage on all networks and local channels. Banks, schools and health clubs closed, Tower Records open, traffic snarled, no regular mail delivery, President Reagan issues proclamation about the father of our country, White House issues clarification of proclamation. ☺



© M. G. J. K. P. J.

A comedy routine... performer, comedian Jeff... dienne Elayne Booster appears in the show
 (NKK) MONKEES—Comedy
 (NSH) NEW COUNTRY
 Featured: Sawyer Brown.
 10PM (2) (3) CAGNEY & LACEY (CC)—Crime

CLOSE UP

Proposed Movie of the Month
 8 PM SPY

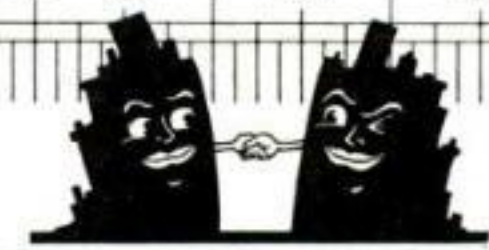


THE DARK PRINCE OF WALL STREET

Robert Vaughn stars as corrupt financier Ivan Boesky in this cat-and-mouse drama of billion-dollar stock market manipulation, secret deals and crumbling empires. Written by Michael (Green Monday) Thomas, it covers Boesky's lifelong scramble for wealth, his indictment for insider trading and the big names he brings down with him. Seema Boesky: Veronica Hamel. SEC lawyer Gary Lynch: Stephen Collins. Mike Milken: Sy Sperling. Martin Peretz: Ron Silver. (3 hrs.)

- (20) STAR TREK: The Motion Picture—Kirk (William Shatner) has of deactivating a weapon t into the galaxy, digesting o goes. Decker: William Windo
- (21) UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIR
- (31) OTHER VOICES IN SOUT
- 60 min.
- (41) CHESPIRITO—Comedia; 60
- (47) LA POBRE CLARA—Novela;
- (49) ROCK AND ROLL: THE EAR
- Documentary; 60 min.
- (50) NEW JERSEY NEWS
- (55) NEWS
- (61) WOMEN OF THE WORLD; 60 Jihan Sadat hosts a progr changing concepts of womanh the world. Women profiled incl in France, a department-store pan and an architect in Italy.
- (A&E) BLUEBELL—Drama; 60 r Part 6. Unable to flee Paris t tion, Bluebell (Carolyn Pickl
- (CNN) NEWS—Former/Curle
- (ESN) TENNIS CONTINUE
- (LXP) DR. RUTH—Discuss
- (MAX) MOVIE (CC)—Scler 2 hrs., 5 min.
- "The Empire Strikes B
- (NKK) I SPY—Adventu
- (NSH) CROOK AND
- (SHD) MOVIE (CC)— "The Little Drum
- (USA) ROBERT
- Guests inc'

N A K E D C I T Y



SISTER CITIES

The Sister City Program was created in 1983 to coordinate New York's official relations with her five sister cities: Cairo, Peking, Santo Domingo, Tokyo and Madrid. The Program seeks to develop cooperation between New York and her sisters in the fields of business, culture, health care, education and municipal service. —PRESS RELEASE

January is the month to visit New York's Sister Cities. But so is February. New Year's Day in SANTO DOMINGO is a daylong celebration, described by the Dominican Republic's New York tourist office as "the biggest party of the year." The carnival on February 26, says the tourist office, is "the biggest party of the year." Independence Day, on the 27th, is highlighted by the president's speech in the morning and, for all we know, may also turn into the biggest party of the year. The PEKING-bound will want to bring a lantern along, because the Lantern Festival is held for a fortnight beginning on Chinese New Year's Eve, on January 28.

On January 6 TOKYO enjoys the Dezome-shiki festival, in which "agile firemen dressed in firemen's uniforms typical of the Edo period (1603-1867)" perform daring acrobatic stunts atop "very, very" tall bamboo ladders. Do remain in Tokyo until at least February 3 for Setsubun, "the unofficial end of winter." Television personalities, sports figures and politicians go to temples and shrines to throw beans at the public for good luck. In MADRID the cultural season is in full swing, though much of it is in Spanish. And in CAIRO the following continue to be useful phrases: *itfaddal* ("Help yourself"); *mafeesh* ("I do not have"); and *menaa* ("harbor"). ☺

NOUVELLE-O-MATIC

The Last Food Guide You'll Ever Need

As everyone is now obliged to know, the heart of nouvelle cuisine is the fresh and amusing juxtaposition of fresh and amusing ingredients. To help reduce the costs of weekly trips to Texarkana, Arcadia and An American Place, SPY has put together the Nouvelle-O-Matic. Now everyone can create odd

and colorful restaurant meals in their own homes—at a fraction of the cost. Here's how it works: just pick one item at random from each of the first three columns, serve in a sauce made from ingredients chosen from each of the fourth and fifth columns, and garnish with a delicacy from the sixth column.

For example: you can whip up *seviche* of *smoked duck* wrapped in *blue corn tortillas* in a sauce of *vermouth* and *pickled ginger*, garnished with *plum chutney*. There are 1,771,561 possible combinations—that's enough for three different meals a day every day until the year 3604. *Bon appetit!*

1	2	3	4	5	6
hacked	redfish	steamed in parchment	raspberry vinegar	Oregon morels	violets
Native Hawaiian	free-range chicken	grilled over mesquite	pureed truffles	golden caviar	fiddlehead ferns
seviche of	monkfish	in a brioche	apple compote	green tomatoes	mango slices
blackened	gravlax	on a bed of radicchio	framboise	pickled ginger	endive
barquette of	venison	ravioli	vermouth	sun-dried tomatoes	Cajun popcorn
medallions of	calf's liver	potpie	crème fraîche	leeks	onion marmalade
deep-fried	oysters	ragout	guacamole	green peppercorns	plum chutney
boudin of	scallops	wrapped in blue corn tortillas	yogurt	shad roe	kiwifruit
saddle of	partridge	sausage	lime juice	chèvre	baby figs
warm salad of	chicken wings	in potato skins	quail stock	sorrel	chiffonade of basil
terraine of	smoked duck	peasant-style	maple syrup	pine nuts	poblano chilies

THE OBJECT



From Pascoe & Company.
Price: \$450.



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned
in November:

Frank Sinatra	7
Brooke Astor	3
Jimmy Breslin	3
Cher	3
Oscar de la Renta	3
Warner Bros.	3
Jerry Zipkin	3
Helen Gurley Brown	2
Alan King	2
Angela Lansbury	2
Le Cirque	2
Aaron Spelling	2
Nancy Collins	1
Buddy Ebsen	1
Iris Love	1
Telly Savalas	1

EVERYTHING TO FEAR

The Phobia Society of America's seventh annual national conference, held in October at the terrifyingly crowded Waldorf-Astoria, drew more than 400 clinicians, claustrophobes, aviaphobes (afraid of planes), ochlophobists (crowds), phonophobes (speaking aloud), xenophobes (strangers and foreigners) and agoraphobiacs (ordinary human existence).

Phobes tossed caution to the wind for one reckless weekend, braving workshops such as "Body Therapy," in which a Ph.D. writhed on the floor demonstrating "inside massage," and "Self Hypnosis," in which another Ph.D. taught Panic Management Skills. "Reframe the airplane as an extension of your body," he advised, "and

the pilot as an executive working for you."

The assembled woozies learned that more than 13.1 million Americans are afraid—afraid of anything from exit ramps to writing checks in public to fear itself (phobophobia); that the average patient has been ill 13.2 years; and that only 23 percent of the afflicted have received treatment. They were told that a phobic's "creative scenes of death and destruction" reflect an active imagination associated with the brighter-than-average. (Abnormal people these days like to believe their abnormalities are the price they pay for being unusually perceptive.) They were taught therapies to break the spell of panic attacks, such as counting down by threes from 100, sniffing

cologne or snapping oneself with a rubber band.

In the exhibit room, a company called Lifeforce made computer-generated infrared color portraits of people's "Gravimetric Face Points," which reputedly "show energy blocks and organs under stress." Vendors hawked books (*Don't Panic, Living Fear Free* and *Who's Afraid?*) and 20-minute, \$250 films that take the viewer through such "anxiety evoking locations" as a supermarket checkout, an isolated bridge, a gondola, a boardroom meeting and an exposed escalator.

All in all, it was a little disenchanting—frightening, even—to see so many self-proclaimed fraidycats gathered in one place.

—David Handelman

THE BLOTTER

SPY's unofficial, highly selective account of incidents to which the New York City Police Department's specially trained rescue units responded during the five-week period ending November 20. Quotes are the police dispatchers'.

THE WILD KINGDOM

- Manhattan—"a vicious, disorderly cat"
- Manhattan—"six wild dogs in lobby of building"
- The Bronx—"Caller states that a man, his wife and child are being attacked by a vicious cat. . . . Ah, now that is rather interesting, gentlemen: the name of the caller is Felix"
- Queens—"raccoon job"
- Riverside Park—"We've got an injured horse that needs a place to stay for the night, and we'd like to board him at Troop B." "Negative, call the ASPCA." "The ASPCA doesn't come out at night for horses"

LOONS

- Manhattan—"Any housing unit to respond to a female down in an apartment? States female's been lying on the floor for three days"
- Manhattan—"male on window ledge screaming he's a Vietnam vet with an arsenal and he's going to jump"
- Queens—"man lying on the meridian [sic] is only resting and catching some rays"

TAKE ME OUT TO THE PRECINCT

Two local teams playing well in two different sports on October 27 inspired certain citizens to undertake their own athletic endeavors.

- Queens—"male barricade with shotgun and lead pipe threatening to kill his family" . . . RMI (remote-control robot), hostage negotiators, TARU (Technical Assistance Response Unit, detectives with specialized electronic equipment), ESU (Emergency Service Unit) en route . . . "wife says he's in a very bad mood and he doesn't like cops, use caution" (*games underway*)
- Queens—"spectators have climbed on Shea Stadium roof overhang to watch game on Flushing No. 7 subway" (*bottom of the seventh*)
- Queens—"female in the water under the Gateway Bridge" (*two seconds left in the second quarter*)
- Manhattan—"shots fired 101 and CPW" and "jumper East 96 and Second" (*halftime*)
- Queens—"one under [arrest]" (*Johnson scores a touchdown, Mets' seventh home run of series*)
- The Bronx—"house sheared off tractor trailer on Cross Bronx Expressway" (*Mets and Giants win*)

INCLUDING SHANGHAI SURPRISE: 759

The following are responses by various police units during the first nine months of 1986:

Emergency Service	24,787
Harbor	8,215
Aviation	2,552
Bomb	758

—Ann C. Mathers



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LUNCH
DINNER
SUPPER

A SPY GUIDE TO *Using the Bathrooms of the Clubs of the Ivy League*

by Peter Finch

Making a call from a noisy pay phone in midtown is bad enough. Ever try answering nature's call there?

You could walk into the corner coffee shop and ask to use the facilities. Chances are you'll have to buy something, though, and that's time-consuming and degrading.

Department stores would be fine, but you'd have to ride the elevator six flights, wasting precious minutes you may not really have at your disposal. Hotels are just as bad—the bathrooms are generally hard to

find, and often you have to tip an older man for handing you a paper towel.

There is a solution: the bathrooms of the Ivy League.

Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton and Yale all operate midtown clubs. (Dartmouth shares the Yale Club, and Penn has some privileges at the Princeton Club; in addition, several of the clubs cohabitate with various other organizations.) All have clean, accessible bathrooms—and quiet pay phones to boot.

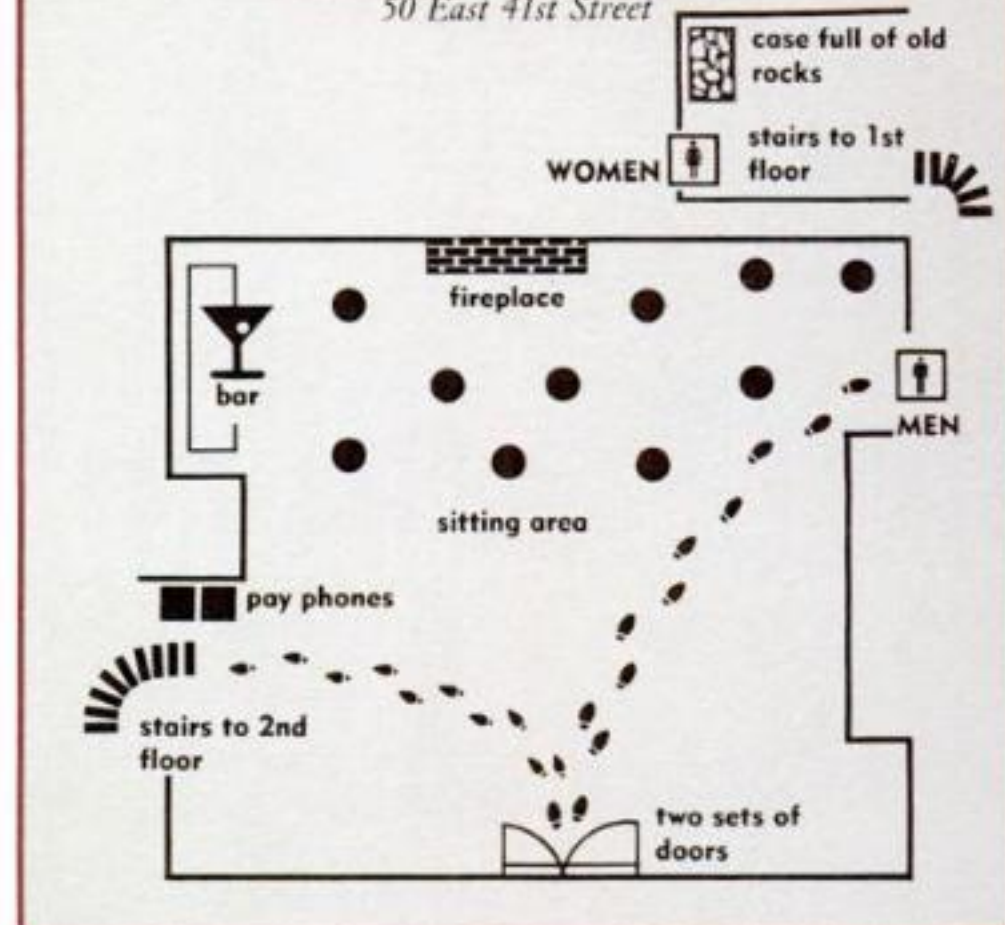
To use the bathrooms of the Ivy League, you needn't have gone to an Ivy League school—in fact, you don't even need a college education. You *will* need four things: some decent clothes (coats and ties for gentlemen and, according to one club, "appropriately formal attire" for ladies), an air of belonging, a confident gait and an idea of where you're going.

The first three are up to you; the following diagrams will take care of the latter.



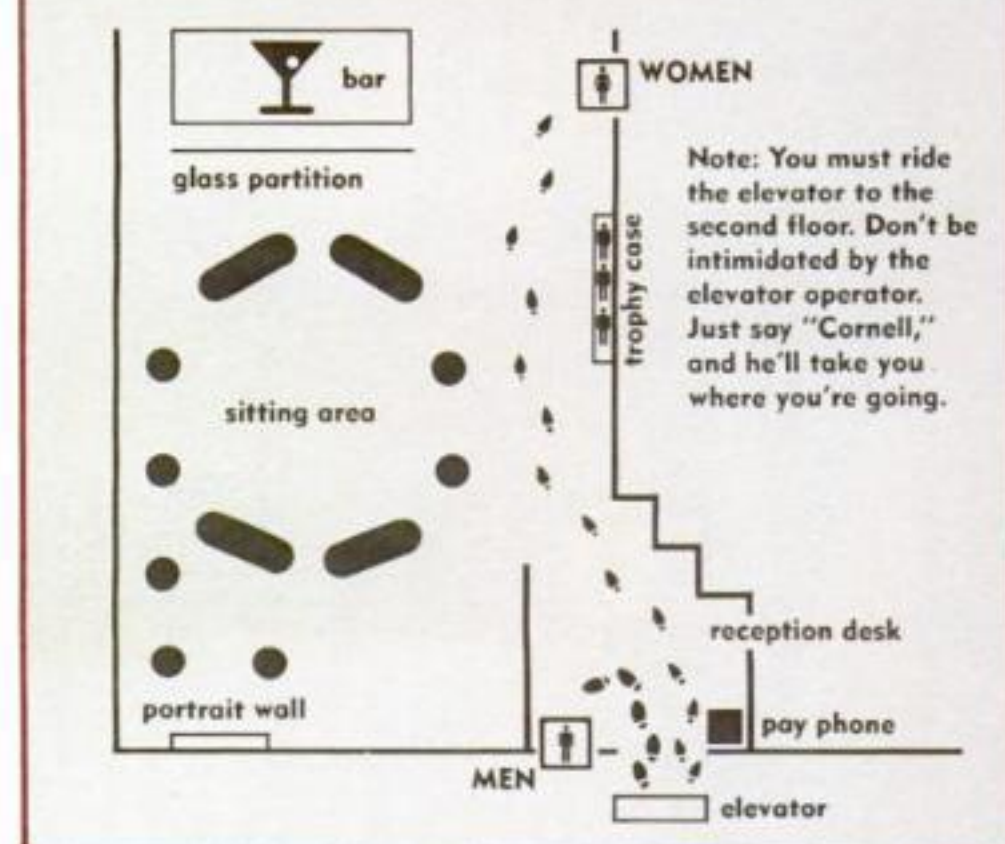
BROWN CLUB

50 East 41st Street



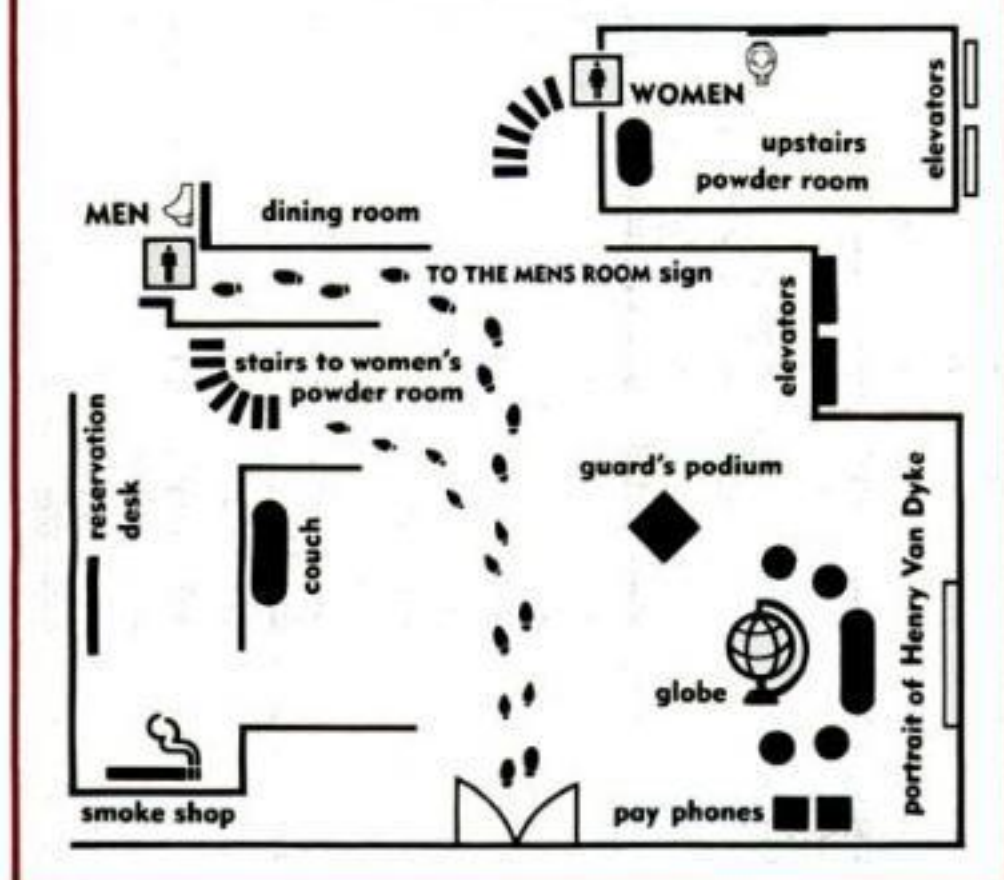
CORNELL CLUB

123 West 43rd Street



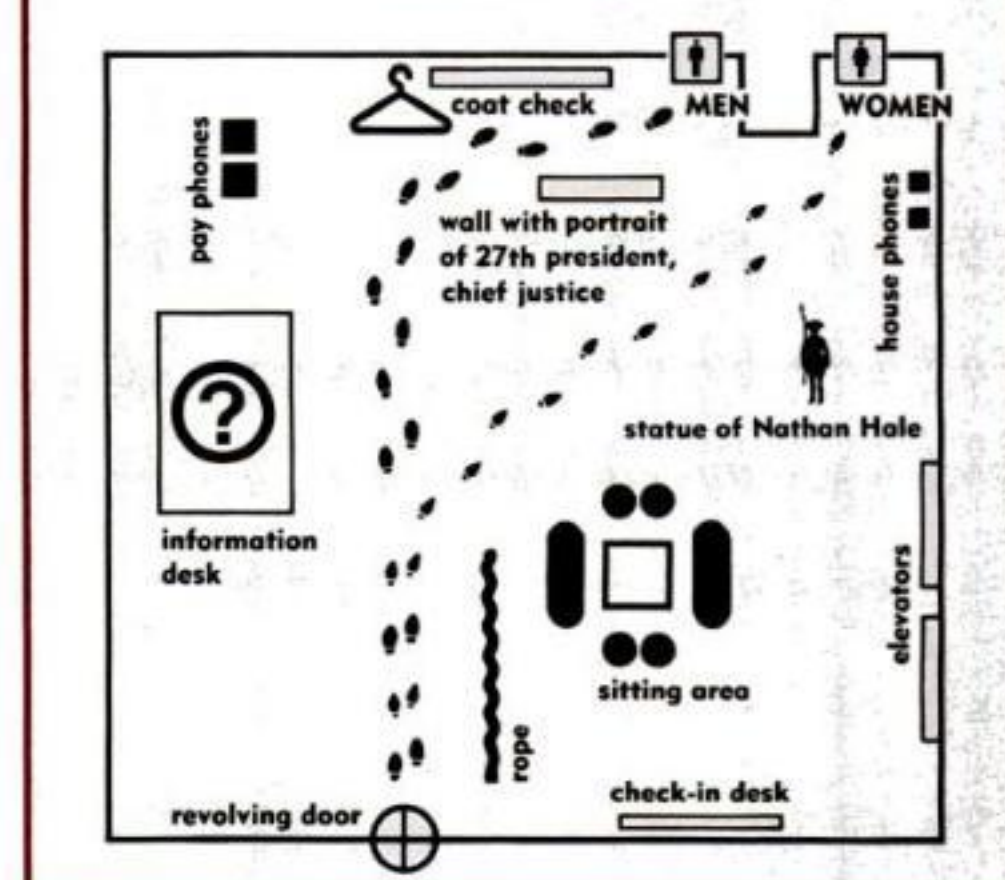
PRINCETON CLUB

15 West 43rd Street



YALE CLUB

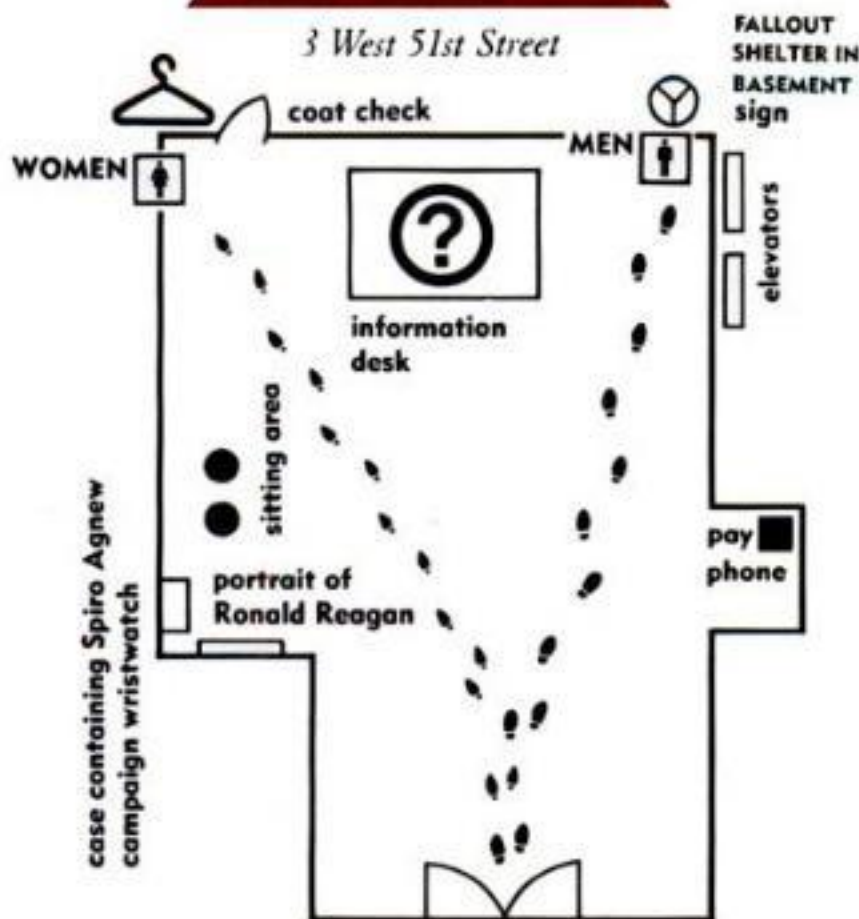
50 Vanderbilt Avenue





COLUMBIA CLUB

3 West 51st Street



HARVARD CLUB

27 West 44th Street



BROWN CLUB

MEN'S: 2 sinks, 2 urinals, 1 toilet, brown-tile walls, liquid soap
WOMEN'S: 3 sinks, 2 toilets, gray (once white) floor tiles

COLUMBIA CLUB

MEN'S: 2 sinks, 2 urinals, 2 toilets, paper towels, bare bulb
WOMEN'S: 3 sinks, 2 toilets, baby-blue-and-pink decor, paper towels, paper-cup dispenser

CORNELL CLUB

MEN'S: 5 sinks, 5 urinals, 3 toilets, yellow walls, framed poster by Klee, paper towels, liquid soap
WOMEN'S: 8 sinks, 5 toilets, black walls, carved-wood screen

HARVARD CLUB

MEN'S: 8 urinals, doctor's scale, bad pastel landscapes
WOMEN'S: 2 sinks, 4 toilets, tissues, ashtray, 4 chintz-curtained booths (one with cot)

PRINCETON CLUB

MEN'S: 4 sinks, 4 urinals, 4 toilets, stand-up scale, shoeshine machine, linen service, rolling cloth to dry hands, paper towels, tissues, paper cups, fountain
WOMEN'S: 2nd floor 1 sink, 1 toilet
 6th floor 3 sinks, 3 toilets; stand-up scale; small dressing room with vanity; small room with bed; large sitting room with magazines, stationery, prints of fruit in thin gilt frames; 3 showers; lockers; real towels

YALE CLUB

MEN'S: 4 sinks, 3 urinals, 2 toilets, combs in glass of disinfectant, Listerine
WOMEN'S: 2 sinks, 2 toilets, paper towels, paper-cup dispenser

Research assistance: Jillian Byck

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1) "When you meet the president...you ask yourself, 'How did it ever occur to anybody that he should be governor, much less *president*?' " Who said it?

- a) Tip O'Neill
- b) Henry Kissinger
- c) David Stockman
- d) Bryant Gumbel

2) What did President Reagan say was his favorite TV show?

- a) *Family Ties*, because it shows that the culture has again begun "to respect, even to celebrate, family life"
- b) *Moonlighting*, because the fact that the dialogue consists mainly of characters endlessly repeating lines to each other "just seems kind of funny to me"
- c) *The Colbys*, because "I'll watch Chuck Heston in just about anything. You know, I can't help but think that if they ever made a movie out of my life, he could play me"
- d) He said he never watched TV, because he was "too busy reading."

3) True or false: Archbishop Desmond Tutu said that he found President Reagan's speech on South Africa "nauseating."

4) Three of the following apply to Michael Deaver. Which one applies to Donald Regan?

- a) He delivered a toast in which he insulted Sam Donaldson's wife.
- b) He was accused of lying to a House subcommittee.
- c) He compared his White House job to "a shovel brigade that follow[s] a parade down Main Street cleaning up."
- d) He said, "I wonder what people thought I was going to do when I left the White House. Be a brain surgeon?"

5) On *The Tonight Show*, who dismissed Ronald Reagan's performance in *Kings Row* by saying, "You know, take a man's leg off and you've got a lot going for you"?

- a) Rhonda Fleming
- b) Bette Midler
- c) Bette Davis
- d) Jane Wyman

6) True or false: President Reagan described the fraudulent election victory of Ferdinand Marcos over Corazon Aquino as "evidence of a strong two-party system" in the Philippines.

7) Which Reagan judicial nominee told the Senate Judiciary Committee that he "may have said something about the NAACP being un-American or Communist, but I meant no harm by it"?

- a) Antonin Scalia
- b) William Rehnquist
- c) Daniel Manion
- d) Jefferson Sessions III

8) Who headed up the campaign to repeal the 22nd Amendment and let President Reagan run for a third term?

- a) Senator Paula Hawkins
- b) Representative Guy Vander Jagt
- c) Michael Deaver
- d) Charlton Heston

9) Which mistake did President Reagan make on the campaign trail?

- a) He called Missouri senatorial candidate Kit Bond "Kit Carson."
- b) He called North Dakota senator Mark Andrews "Dana Andrews."
- c) He called South Dakota senator Jim Abdnor "Li'l Abner."
- d) He called Oklahoma senator Don Nickles "Don Rickles."

10) Why did President Reagan call reporters "sons of bitches"?

- a) Because they were so gleeful when they heard that he'd told Nancy to "get off my goddamn back."
- b) Because they dared to ask him questions at a photo opportunity.
- c) Because of the way they covered Ed Meese's musings about the powers of the Supreme Court.
- d) Because he overheard them making snide comments about Nancy's legs.

11) How did President Reagan describe Colonel Muammar Qaddafi?

- a) "A wacko"
- b) "Flaky"
- c) "The Great Satan"
- d) "Keisterface"



12) What movie did President Reagan quote from in his 1986 State of the Union message?

- a) *Rhinestone*
- b) *F.I.S.T.*
- c) *Back to the Future*
- d) *Paradise Alley*

13) True or false: the Sierra Club objected to a campaign by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors to change the name of the Angeles National Forest to the Reagan National Forest.



"Do I Look Like an Idiot ?"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OUR
FIRST ANNUAL REAGAN QUIZ

by Paul Slansky

- 14) Three of these quotes are President Reagan's. Which one was uttered by Donald Regan?
- a) "I guess...it makes me a contra too."
 - b) "Let this be the first day of the rest of our lives."
 - c) "How much more experience do you have to have in foreign policy than I do to believe you are qualified?"
 - d) "Too much SALT isn't good for you."

15) What was George Shultz reported to have suggested might be an appropriate way for the United States to deal with Qaddafi?

- a) "Let's trick the bastard into thinking we're gonna bomb the bejesus out of him again."
- b) "Lock him in a room with a tape of Nancy singing."
- c) "Have Poindexter drive a truck bomb into his tent."
- d) "Why don't we give him AIDS?"

16) True or false: after firing Oliver North for his connection with the Iran/contras arms deal, President Reagan called him and said he thought the whole thing would make a great movie.

Who did what?

17) William Rehnquist

- a) revealed that Caspar Weinberger used cartoons to explain things to President Reagan
- b) became known for poor spelling
- c) danced on TV in underwear
- d) said that anyone going hungry in America just didn't know where to go to find food

18) David Stockman

19) Ron Reagan

20) Daniel Manion

21) Nancy Reagan

22) President Reagan

- e) said the death penalty "should be used against anybody who is proven to be responsible for a death"
- f) was reported to have once been extremely fond of Placidyl

23) What did President Reagan repeatedly say that all the arms he shipped to Iran could fit inside of?

- a) A small child's playpen
- b) The state of Rhode Island
- c) A single cargo plane
- d) Jerry Zipkin's overcoat

24) Three of these statements apply to George Bush. Which one applies to President Reagan?

- a) George Will said his craven attempts to suck up to the far right made him a "lapdog."
- b) He asked a Jordanian general, "How dead is the Dead Sea?"
- c) His wife fell off the stage at the White House.
- d) He was quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* using the phrase "deep doo-doo."

25) What is the significance of Harlingen, Texas?

- a) President Reagan got mixed up at a political rally there and said that Republicans had tak-



en the country "down a course that leads to disaster."

- b) President Reagan said the Sandinistas would be "just two days' driving time" from there if the contras were defeated.
- c) Critically ill hospital patients there were besieged for hours one night by automated pre-recorded phone calls from President Reagan urging them to get out and vote.
- d) Robert McFarlane bought a key-shaped cake there.

26) True or false: White House officials used focus groups to test themes and lines to be included in President Reagan's 1986 State of the Union message.

27) What prompted George Shultz to say, "I have never been so proud of my president"?

- a) President Reagan's insistence that he had not traded Gennadi Zakharov for Nicholas Daniloff, even though it was obvious to even the dimmest cretin that he'd done exactly that
- b) President Reagan's attempt to gain support for contra aid by making ludicrously exaggerated claims about the Sandinista threat
- c) President Reagan's refusal at Reykjavik to bargain away his Star Wars dream for the reality of a reduction in existing Soviet weapons
- d) President Reagan's announcement that he would have his urine tested for drugs

28) What was Lee Verstandig's White House distinction?

- a) He cued President Reagan to squeeze Nancy's hand at the end of their drug speech.
- b) Larry Speakes told him he'd come "within one inch of getting your head lopped off" for asking a tough question.
- c) He revealed that the family dog, Rex, sometimes bit President Reagan.
- d) He lasted only 24 days as Nancy's chief of staff.

29) Three of these statements describe Donald Regan. Which one describes Ed Meese?

- a) He said he doubted that American women approved of sanctions against South Africa, because they wouldn't want to "give up all their jewelry."

Photographs, left to right: The president does his by now famous turkey impression after giving a televised address to the nation; Ronnie surprises Mommy with Rex, the brother of Lowey Buckley (see page 38). "I can't hear you... but don't I look like the Fonz?"



The First Couple demonstrates the romance of the mouth-to-nostril kiss. President Reagan nimbly eats chicken with his fingers.



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- b) He said that management should spy on workers in "locker rooms, parking lots, shipping and mail room areas and even the nearby taverns" to try to catch them using drugs.
- c) He had a tantrum after the summit collapsed and shouted, "The Soviets are the ones that refused to make the deal! It shows them up for what they are!"
- d) On the morning after the Libyan bombing, he suggested that the lyrics of "The Marines' Hymn" be changed to "From the halls of Montezuma to what's left of Tripoli..."

Who did what?

- 30) Jimmy Carter a) called President Reagan "a high-powered cheerleader for our worst instincts"
- 31) Jimmy Breslin b) said some of President Reagan's statements "are almost more than a human being can bear"
- 32) Nicholas von Hoffman c) said President Reagan was "about as masculine as Marjorie Main"
- 33) Roger Wilkins d) said that reporters at President Reagan's press conferences "adopt a tone one might compare to a regent instructing a five-year-old who has, through a sad accident, just become king"
- 34) Simon Hoggart e) told President Reagan, "I never did believe your story about the Chicago welfare queen"
- 35) Tip O'Neill f) referred to Nancy Reagan's "dead eyes and death mask smile"
- 36) Gore Vidal g) said President Reagan's popularity proves that "senility is a communicable disease"

37) True or false: a few minutes after President Reagan had asserted at least three times during a press conference that there was no third country involved in the transfer of arms to Iran, the White House released a statement explaining that there may have been "some misunderstanding" and that a third country (Israel) had, in fact, been involved.

38) Three of these statements apply to President Reagan. Which one applies to Ed Meese?

- a) He explained that he'd made lots of mistakes at a press conference because he'd been concentrating too hard on which reporters to call on, and not hard enough on what they were actually saying.
- b) He was serenaded in Grenada with a calypso tune about "Uncle Reagan."
- c) He delivered a speech at the Statue of Liberty in which he called poet Emma Lazarus "Emmett Lazarus."
- d) He stood in front of a bare-breasted statue and talked about pornography.

39) What prompted President Reagan to ask reporters, "Do I look like an idiot?"

- a) He wrote his last name first while signing the tax bill.
- b) He was asked if he was going to take the drug program away from Nancy.
- c) He felt foolish standing in the Hands Across America line and not knowing the words to any of the songs.
- d) He was asked if he thought he would ever have a relapse of the Hollywood ailment he called "leading-ladyitis."

40) What happened when Nancy Reagan appeared as a guest on Joan Rivers's TV show?

- a) Joan asked Nancy what she "really think[s] about that little bitch Patti's book."
- b) Joan asked Nancy if she'd seen the November *Playboy*, "where I called your husband a 'turkey neck.'"
- c) Joan told Nancy, "You're such a warm person. . . . You have such a warmth coming out of you, it's just incredible!"
- d) Joan asked Nancy if she'd read the Sinatra book, "and in particular, did you read page 361?"

5) c	10) b	15) d	20) b	25) b	30) b	35) c	40) c
4) c	9) d	14) c	19) c	24) c	29) b	34) d	39) b
3) True	8) b	13) True	18) a	23) c	28) d	33) a	38) d
2) a	7) d	12) c	17) f	22) d	27) c	32) f	37) True
1) b	6) True	11) b	16) True	21) c	26) True	31) g	36) c

ANSWERS



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*What, us worry? Sure—
that's why we're New Yorkers.
Fear of boredom drives us
here in the first place. Fear of
missing out
on a moment
of fun keeps
us here.
Meanwhile,
we fret about everything
else—about muggers and
madmen, of course, but also
about going to posh parties
and about not going, about
having a high-powered job
and about not having one. As
GUY MARTIN reveals, Fear
City and Fun City are one
and the same.*

NEW YORK WE NEED TO SCARY

I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU TO PUT YOUR FEARS aside for a moment. Of course, that won't actually be possible, as you'd have to leave town with your tail between your legs, dreadfully embarrassed that your craven hopes for fame and fortune in New York had at last been crushed. In fact, fear brings us here and keeps us here, doesn't it? First the fear that we might have to spend a life in Decatur or Schenectady or Wahoo. And then the fear that something *terrific* is bound to happen to somebody, and its corollary—that if we don't stick around long enough, we won't be here when it's time for that somebody to be us.

I have some news for you.

Have you ever been to a farm? If you went to a private secondary school in Manhattan, perhaps you participated in those programs that provide busloads of wealthy children a few hours on a real farm in New England. If you didn't go to private school in Manhattan, you came from a farm or its moral equivalent to get here. All right. Remember the pig trough? The trough was large, but there wasn't really enough room at it for the number of pigs in the pen. The pigs had to fight one another to get to the slop. They poked and shoved and grunted, and the farmer watched. A couple of times a year the farmer would separate one pig from the others, and he would take that pig to show at the state fair—or else he would shoot it and make bacon.

The lovely part is that pigs never know which it's going to be—the blue ribbon or death—until the moment arrives. The more brutal, Darwinian truth is that for a pigpen to produce even a single prizewinner, a very great deal of anonymous bacon is required. But the pigs don't think about stuff like that.

We do. I like to imagine that the protocol here in New York is about the same. We have our Trump-size appetites satisfied by a mysterious hand, and we bear a righteous fear of that hand. We have certain kinds of fears that we may be able to admit to ourselves—having an uncool job, not getting a place on the Vineyard, being rejected by the Century Association and the Milkbar—and we have nameless pig dread. It's all part of the price New York forces us to ante up in order to gain access to the trough. There remains, however, a crucial difference between us and the pigs. We're trying to find out who the farmer is, quick, and network with him.

The editors of SPY feel that New Yorkers should face fear squarely—not with the childish idea of conquering it, God knows, but simply to render life on our streets and in our homes and offices more comprehensible. As a public service and at great expense, SPY has devoted months of research and debate to the topic. We've instituted a panel of experts: victims, civic leaders, socialites, swells, criminals and bums. None of these people is a composite. Unless otherwise noted, all the names are real.

Before we begin, we'd like to share a few hard-won notions from our research, as a sort of anxiety Baedeker. The first is that *fear is not necessarily a negative force in New York*. Indeed, it is the motor for much of our success in commerce and the arts. The second, of course, is that *fear is a completely negative*

THE YEARS OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

- 1609 Explorer John Colman killed by an Indian.
- 1643 "The Year of the Blood." Settlers endure raid after raid as savages from Westchester attack the Bronx.
- 1731 Smallpox epidemic kills 800.
- 1741 Ill-founded panic that New York blacks were planning to massacre whites.
- 1776 Fire breaks out at Whitehall. Slip, sweeps to Broadway and up the West Side until a quarter of the city is destroyed, including Trinity Church.
- 1790 Social life in Federalist New York fraught with anxiety: should Martha Washington be referred to as Lady Washington?
- 1795 Yellow-fever epidemic hits city; Bellevue Hospital erected as a "pest house."
- 1820s Five Points reputed to be most dangerous part of the city, site of a murder every night for 15 years.
- 1832 Asian cholera epidemic kills 3,500.
- 1837 Panic on Wall Street as hundreds of firms fail.
- 1840s and '50s Fashionable quarter declared to be uptown from Astor Place area, discomfiting downtown homeowners.

force in New York, the basic reason life is so terrible here. Fear can grow. Fear is athletic and sly and has a mind of its own. Each fear contains the germ of its opposite; in other words, fear of going to a party at Lally Weymouth's bears strong kinship to the fear of not being invited; fear of taking the subway operates in tense liaison with the fear of getting caught in crosstown traffic; and so forth. Since New York is the town where you can die and still be posthumously embarrassed (Stanford White, Nelson Rockefeller, Roy Cohn), most New York fear is biological fear. What does ectoplasm know? Only one thing. It quivers in the void, or at the Russian Tea Room, waiting to be stomped.

Which brings us to Stanley Bing. Bing (not his real name) is so completely terrified of gambling his allotted New York life in just one professional arena that he's manufactured five absolutely distinct personae: corporate guru, playwright, father, journalist and international artist's representative. He shuttles hysterically between his roles, putting out brushfires and plugging up dikes. He lives in terror that one of his lives will contaminate another. In two of his lives he operates under his given name, and in the other three he maintains a nom de guerre. In all his lives he lives on the Upper West Side. He never poses for pictures.

"Look, man," he says, "do I have a choice? Live in fear and remain agile! I need all my lives, to approximate what I believe to be a complete human being. At the same time, when one of them goes down, I can parachute to the next. The tender, hearth-loving daddy could hardly sit down and write a proper slice 'n' dice job on Drexel Burnham."

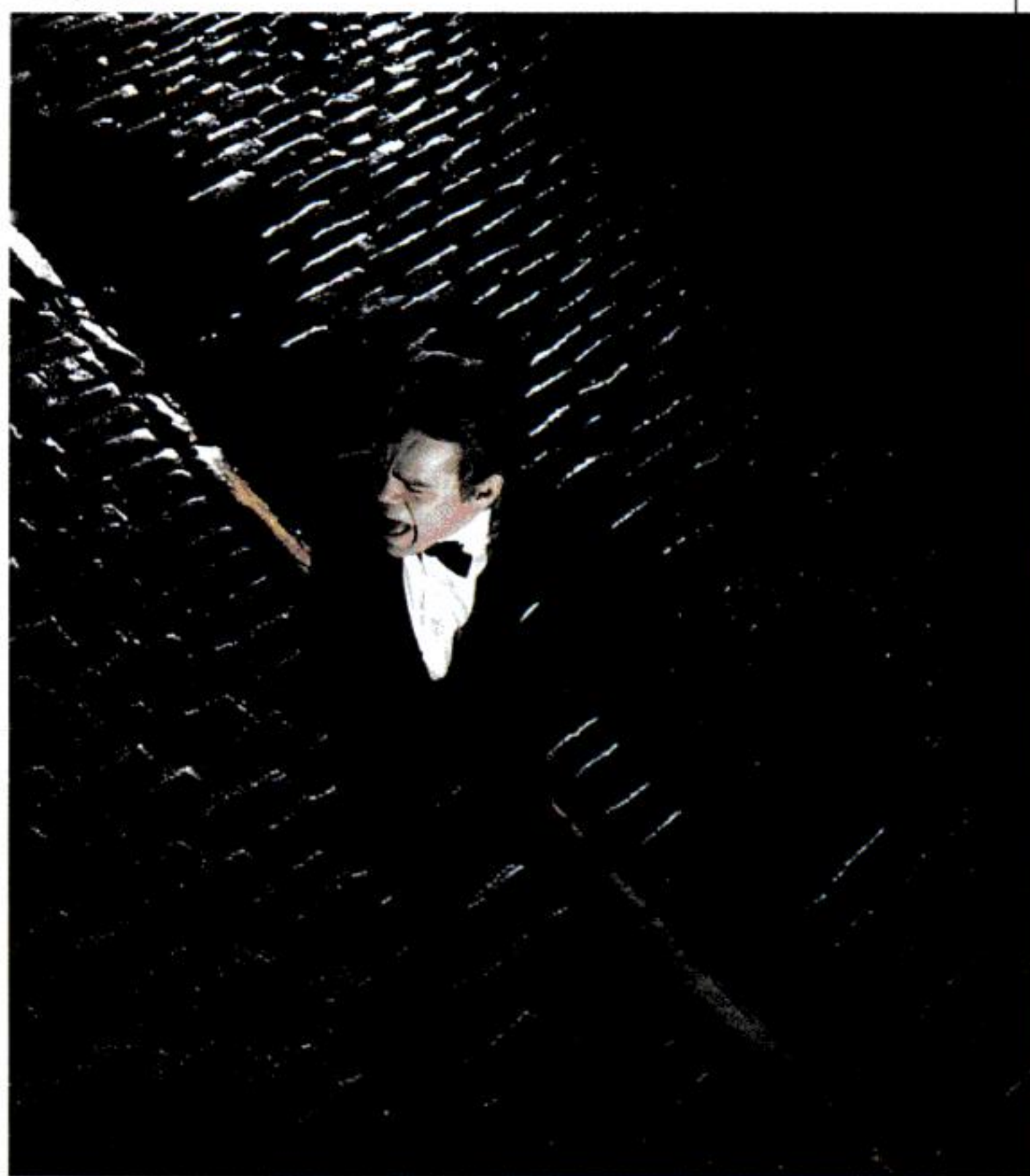
Bing admits that "at three in the morning, alone, I find I have two basic fears. The first is that I'm deeply afraid to buy Rheingold. I mean, I *do* buy Rheingold, but I don't serve it unless I really trust the people I'm with. I don't bring it out until I'm sure they have no class. Just like me. The second fear is that I really don't want my kids to turn into achievement-oriented, status-seeking little shits like the ones that go to Dorrian's Red Hand. But of course, they already have. I'm saying I'm afraid my kids won't get into Dalton *and* I'm afraid they *will*."

It's a long-standing feature of life and death in New York that fashion comes prominently into play, and Mr. Bing finds himself on the cutting edge of what's new and exciting in urban fear. SPY's research team has found that New York invents a fresh fear for itself approximately every 18 months—about the length of time it takes a nightclub to peak and die. To feel absolutely reassured that we have enough fears at any given time to give our lives some snap, it seems

we require a running Top Five of Fear, with some fears on the way up and others on the way down. Otherwise, life just gets stale.

At press time, *fear of owning inferior children* has topped the chart for some months. Most parent-age people in New York, having managed to arrive in a career, find in child-rearing a whole new occupation at which they might fail miserably. The four current runners-up are:

- fear of one's credit card carbons falling into the wrong hands



- fear of terrorist attack
- fear of curb-jumping runaway cars
- fear of a hostile takeover in which one's division will be eliminated

But there is, appropriately, a risk here. The Top Five of Fear is an index of fashion—and of course, nothing remains fashionable in New York for very long. Once a fear is canonized in the newsweeklies or on the front pages of any of the *Times's* special sec-

1849 "Astor Place Riot" Nativist mob storms opera house to protest British actor William Macready's performance.
 1857 Panic on Wall Street as a mounting number of railroads and other businesses fail.
 1858 Crystal Palace, on 42nd Street, burns down.
 1863 Draft riots.
 1864 Confederate agents set fire to the Astor House and the Barmen Museum.
 1869 "Black Friday," Gould and Fisk's scheme to corner the gold market fails, and half of Wall Street is ruined.
 1888 Mid-March blizzard kills about 200; also, people question safety of first steel-support building, being erected at 50 Broadway.
 1892 Ward McAllister establishes the "400."
 1911 Triangle Shirt Waist Company fire kills 147 female employees due to blocked exits and lack of fire escapes.
 1912 Henri Bendel opens.
 1920 Bomb kills 38, anarchists suspected.
 1929 Stock market crashes.
 1932 State legislature orders investigation of entire city government, uncovering massive corruption. Mayor Jimmy Walker resigns. Father Coughlin gains power.
 1940s Wartime dimout of Times Square lights.
 1948 First subway fare hike, from nickel to a dime.
 1949 Draft

SCARY THINGS

Bosses' secretaries
 Cafe Pacifico (on Columbus Avenue)
 Co-op boards
 Co-op City
 Dancers
 Extreme friendliness the FDR Drive
 Food at Korean deli salad bars
 The Four Seasons
 Freight elevators
 Frequent marathoners
 Getting to the 79th Street boat basin
 Ground floor of Bloomingdale's
 Guardian Angels
 Gypsy cabs
 the L line
 Madison Square Garden
 Maître d's
 Metal service doors on sidewalks
 Most neighborhoods except your own
 Motels in Manhattan
 Moving in New York
 the New York Marriott Marquis (Times Square)
 Paul Stuart salesmen
 People who celebrate New Year's Eve in a big way
 Private schools
 Public schools
 the "Rockefeller Center" boxes on the west side of Sixth Avenue between 46th and 52nd Streets
 Roosevelt Island

tions (the most fearsome of all being Science Times), that fear is officially dead, and even its devotees' strenuous efforts cannot revive it.

The current number one, stupid-offspring fear, is in fact showing signs of graduating to what experts call a perennial—meaning a well of anxiety with long-term potential. Given careful media grooming, it's then possible for a fear to become a "basic fact of life." A few of the all-time classics deserve a tip of the hat: *fear of growing fat, fear of being perceived as having grown fat, fear of maître d's, fear of having the car towed, fear of commitment, fear of other races, fear of emotion, fear of disease, fear of impotence and fear of being perceived as impotent.* A New Year's pick: around tax time, look for a surge in *fear of not being able to maintain a second home*, as interest on those mortgages is no longer so attractively deductible.

As it turns out, fear is the great leveler in New York. Because of it the rich, though they may not fear loss of their second homes, are not that different from you and me. The representative of wealth on our panel is Mrs. Dorothy Hales Gary, the second of at least four ex-wives of the late Theodore S. Gary, a man whose grandfather "invented the telephone dial" and was, as this Mrs. Gary describes him, "charming, good-looking . . . you know, well brought up, a lovely person, and absolutely an American alcoholic." He was also "practically the president" of General Telephone & Electronics.

Mrs. Gary, a smashing, once-blond spark plug, is now a grande dame who lives on East 66th Street. SPY caught up with her just before her holiday departure for Munich and Vienna. She'll be staying, she says, with the Egyptian ambassador in Vienna. She can't pronounce the name of her hotel in Munich.

We ask, "The Bayerischer Hof?"

"Exacte-moi!" she exclaims in fearless French. "You speak German? How marvelous. Well. What d'you want to know about fear? I think 90 percent of the people on two legs are walking around with fear in one direction or another."

Conversation with Mrs. Gary is much like boarding a bullet train: you get on, you strap in and you go. "New York is a tough city, and the people who live here are used to it," she says with a martial clip in her voice. "I think New York happens to be a hodgepodge of everything that's governed by money! I believe you live in New York for the stimulation, for the excitement and to make money. But I think the money might come first. I mean, what other city in the USA compares to it? Nothing! It's more fun and more risk. And more fun. You can get famous in New York, or you can get lost."

She's a veteran of New York social wars and thus inured to run-of-the-mill party fear—*Will the ambassador come? Will the quenelles stay together? Will one's spouse get smashed?*—but Mrs. Gary believes that there is a high level of fear at the average Waldorf fundraiser. "Social events are full of fear because everybody's so goddamned superficial. You know, the people that are risen up in this twentieth-century New York are multimillionaires, but the money is only 12 years old! Or 15. They're so insecure they don't know how to behave, really. The moment they enter the ballroom or pick up a knife, they're in fear of making one thousand mistakes. They're afraid of themselves because they have no background, a lot of them. I don't say all of them, 'course not, but I'd certainly say 40 percent of the wealth in New York is just . . . people with billions, millions of dollars! When they give \$25 million in the lottery, you can imagine what our money means. You know, who *are* these people?"

Edmond, a man of considerable background, completely agrees that tradition and courtesy are out the window in this city. Edmond is a man who has probably scared more people than have scared him. These days, however, he works hard on a publicly funded program to clean up municipal parks. SPY meets with Edmond as he sweeps Union Square.

"I grew up on 108th Street, in the ghetto, and I've been through every ordeal. I have 22 stitches in my neck and 8 on my head. I have pimped. I have sold drugs. I have helped rob too, but I've only served time for selling reefer. We used to carry around ice picks in the old days, and if a guy squealed, we'd use it on him, but we'd have a party first. Now what scares me is how rude people are. And I'm *doing* something for them—I'm cleaning the park. I've had arguments—people have broken my broom because they're in such a rush to get past. In my time there was honor among people. They were more respectful. They'd leave their apartment open, and if you wanted to rob them, you did."

Fear is also a great deal of fun, and like everything else in New York, it can get expensive. Have you ever tried to explain to your elders, to out-of-towners or to residents of haute New York the charm of the little bistro at Essex and Rivington, just around the corner from one of the world's famous outdoor heroin markets? Have you ever listened to an Alphabet City real estate agent selling a dank, pest-ridden hovel? His apartments sell themselves. This is anything but recent, and don't let anyone tell you different. Dear old SoHo before it had the name was quite spooky—a



THE TWELVE

SCARIEST NEW YORKERS

In some circles they are an A-list, the city's Twelve Most Wanted—interesting, powerful, desirable. To us, they're just spooky.

Mary Boone, art dealer



Larry "Bud" Melman, found object on TV (*Late Night*)



Dick Snyder, chairman and CEO, Simon and Schuster



Marty Lipton, lawyer specializing in mergers and acquisitions



Basia Johnson, J. Seward Johnson's ex-maid and widow



Yoko Ono, singer-widow



John Cardinal O'Connor



Andrea Reynolds, girlfriend of Claus von Bülow



Ann Miller, actress-dancer



Jim Jarmusch, film director (*Down by Law*)



Mark Gastineau, New York Jet



Peggy Siegal, publicist

1950 Rat population hits 7.9 million.
1954 Church of Scientology opens.
1964 Harlem race riots.
1965 Blackout.
1968 Hong Kong flu epidemic.
1974 African killer honeybees said to be headed for New York.
1975 City nearly bankrupt.
1975 Andrew Stein considers running for U.S. Senate.
1976 Taxi Driver is released.

few trucks, no lights, some bums sleeping in refrigerator boxes, Donald Judd's rolltop desk on Spring Street—bizarre! And a little scary. But hip. Of course, it's hard to remember all that these days, because our palates need so much more spice than they did in 1974.

Today we actively court fear in real estate. Depending on your wallet and your gambling habits, it's possible to surf on a pioneering wave of fear to the next hip neighborhood, and then the next. If only you'd had the good sense to take a place on pre-Pyramid Club Avenue A. Those were some leases. The lucky Joes that got them sit today in \$300,000 co-ops-in-the-making. Now I'm afraid you'll have to settle for a home along subway routes with strange letters—G, L, M, J. Wild-side real estate chic in 1987 means living in neighborhoods where your appearance will mystify and anger your neighbors, your dog will be killed, there will be no groceries or dry cleaning, you will for the first time in your life purchase a handgun—and you'll know that you have made the right decision, because you'll be scared to death, just like in 1974 on Avenue A.

Zev joins our SPY panel. Zev knows nothing of real estate fear, nor much of any other fear, for that matter. He is the self-avowed fearless New York man—short, feisty, absolutely convinced he can survive any event short of a nuclear attack. He could be right. He has the fundamental ignorance of a survivor.

Zev says he owes his lack of fear to his training, beginning at 15, as a member of the Jewish Defense League in the streets of East Flatbush, Brooklyn. The JDL provided Zev with an introduction to street fighting, and he has essentially never stopped. Some years ago he emigrated to Israel and enlisted in the army. He became a paratrooper and then a long-range reconnaissance operative inside Lebanon. I met him there in 1981, when he still led night patrols in the zone. Shortly thereafter he was mustered out, and he lived for a while in Beirut before returning to Israel for the 1982 invasion of Lebanon. After that he went to Afghanistan and fought with the mujaheddin for nine months. Nowadays Zev leads a quiet, productive life in New York, although sometimes guys from Army intelligence drop around to ask him if he'd like to go back to Afghanistan. But Zev thinks he'll stay in New York for a while.

"I tasted fear once," he says proudly. "I was able to taste it in my mouth during one of the artillery barrages in Afghanistan. The Russians were shooting over our heads and we were pinned down. It had an actual taste to it, you know—sweet, sour, fear. Now,

1976-77 Son of Sam at large.
 1977 Blackout.
 1977 Studio 54 opens.
 1977 Helicopter crashes on roof of the Pan American Building, kills five.
 1978 King Tut exhibit opens at Metropolitan Museum.
 1979 Barnard freshman Grace Gold is killed by masonry falling off building.
 1980 Mark David Chapman shoots John Lennon.
 1981 Rooftop killer in Times Square.
 1981 Jack Henry Abbott kills waiter in East Village.
 1983 Diana Ross concert free-for-all. Gianni for denting his new red Ferrari.
 1984 Bernhard Goetz shoots four youths on subway.
 1985 John O'Connor becomes Roman Catholic cardinal.
 1985 Hurricane Gloria.
 1985 Drought.
 1985 Plutonium found in New York City water.
 1985 Donahue moves to New York.
 1986 Average price of co-op room hits \$115,790.31.

SCARY THINGS

Ruppert Towers (on Third Avenue in the Nineties)

St. Patrick's Day celebrants

Specter of losing one's rent-stabilized apartment

Sushi with roe

Taking a taxi to one of the airports on the eve of a major holiday

Upper East Side female real estate brokers

Using a cash machine at night

Very poor people

Very rich people

at first I thought, *There's something in the bomb that's making me feel this way, like an electrical charge or some radioactivity.* But that was fear. Now, Lebanon didn't scare me, but there were people there who were afraid. During the invasion half my unit was crying its head off. I had no concept of their petrification. I thought God was on my side, therefore I would never lose and nothing would ever happen to me."

But something is happening to Zev this morning. He confesses that he's on his way to his West Side orthodontist to have two wisdom teeth ripped out of his head, and he's not happy about it. In fact, Zev loses a considerable amount of battlefield cool. He says, "I'm not really afraid, but I don't know, I mean, to get my teeth drilled, for me that's a terrible thing. Dentists turn me off totally. When he tells me he's gonna put a drill to my teeth, hey, it's like 'You gotta put me out of action before you do it. Put me under the gas, man.'"

The FBI's New York offices are on the 28th floor of Federal Plaza on lower Broadway. Only two en-

trances to the building are accessible to the public, and traffic is slowed by a couple of alert security guards and their metal detector. The FBI's lobby is industrial-strength orange and cream, with all the grisly cheer of an interstate motel. The FBI's receptionist sits behind a great sheet of two-inch-thick bulletproof Lexan. She's scary. And she looks scared.

Fixed to the wall behind the receptionist are 20 illustrations of FBI life, stenciled on large, square metal shields. The illustrations are reductionist graphics, like the signs in international airports intended for people who speak no useful language. The message borne by the graphics is fearsome: a pair of handcuffs, an agent firing a revolver, a target in the shape of a human with bullet holes around its heart, microscope, a massive fingerprint, a pair of four-door government-issue Chryslers.

Assistant Special Agent John Schiman, a 14-year veteran of the bureau, is the man in charge of New York's Joint Terrorism Task Force. This task force was set up by the FBI and the New York Police Department in 1980, shortly before the return of the

Alizé. The beautiful blend of natural passion fruit juices and fine cognac. Imported from France. So good on the rocks. Very smooth. Very mixable. And very, very delicious.



FORMERLY
SCARY THINGS



*Amsterdam Avenue
Hole in Empire State
Building caused by crash
of B-25 bomber in 1945
(see above)*

*Ivan Boesky
Roy Cohn
the East Village
Transvestites
Union Square*

American hostages from Iran. We asked to speak with Agent Schiman because his job seemed to deal with extraordinary amounts of serious fear. Agent Schiman agreed to an interview, graciously overlooking the name of the magazine.

Agent Schiman is a quick, straight-spoken fellow in his late thirties with a posture of crisp athleticism. He smokes Merits and drinks his coffee black. He looks like he was a linebacker in high school. "New York is really the hub of the U.S. as far as activity in crime goes," he says, "and it's also the hub within terrorism. I mean, every bombing that happens in the U.S., 75 percent of them were occurring in New York City. Because of the exposure, the media—that's the target. In addition, New York has representatives of every nation existing. I mean, the town is really a perfect forum to get any points across, because you're gonna have an attentive audience out there somewhere."

Agent Schiman notes that the international terrorists based in New York—the Libyans, for example—are virtually nonviolent. He says simply, "This is the land of wealth, and most of them don't want to rock the boat, they want to stay here and make money to support their operations overseas." It's a little tough to imagine groups of international terrorists simply wanting to keep a nice, quiet salary rolling in. But in fact, thanks in part to the FBI, there hasn't been a single international-terrorist incident in New York in more than two years.

Like any defenseman, Agent Schiman is required to think like his enemy. Presented with a hypothetical terrorist perched atop the Manhattan Bridge,

about to drop dynamite on the traffic below, the G-man responds coolly, "The chances of him doing anything are slim to none. He's exposed. Most American terrorists want to hit and get out. They don't want to dick around, they want freedom after their act."

"Probably the worst fear in dealing with a terrorist act would be the lone terrorist who can fly a small aircraft, loads it up with TNT and kamikazes into the UN—you're not gonna stop him. *You're not gonna stop him.*"

It's proper that Schiman fears the people whom it is impossible to neutralize. His appreciation for the show biz needs of the failed terrorist, however, neatly dovetails with what SPY has been able to ascertain is the all-around worst fear in New York.

It's this: every New Yorker—partygoer, politician, cabdriver, waiter, cop, drug addict, deinstitutionalized mental patient, even those misguided souls actually in the performing arts—needs to perform in a bad way. We are essentially a city of understudies waiting in the wings. Thus, the most pervasive New York fear is not the fear of performing but the fear of *preventing* oneself from performing, of flubbing it when the big moment finally arrives—in short, fear of stage fright. Contracting stage fright means that you lose your license to live here. In this sense, our failed New York terrorist is just another second-rate actor suffering from a magnificent attack of performance anxiety, who's trying to make it right by dangling that stick of dynamite over rush-hour traffic, desperately hoping to pull it off before somebody tells him *it's been done, you're boring, the best thing you can do now is leave town.* ☺

Cognac and Passion
Alizé

The SPY Map of

ZONED COMMERCIAL

Manhattan Business Districts

by LYNN SNOWDEN

- Empire Szechuan/Hunan District—Broadway between 95th and 104th Streets
- Charivari District—Broadway between 79th and 85th Streets
- Smoked Fish District—Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue between 79th and 90th Streets
- Expense-Account French Restaurant District—55th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
- Street Food District—Rockefeller Center
- Car Dealership District—Eleventh Avenue between 49th and 56th Streets
- Musical Instrument District—48th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues
- Diamond District—47th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
- Broadway Theater District—44th and 45th Streets between Broadway and Eighth Avenue
- Model Train District—45th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
- Private Investigator District—19 West 44th Street
- Kung Fu/Splatter Movie District—42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues
- Off-Broadway Theater District—42nd Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues
- Sidewalk Preacher District—42nd Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue
- Fabric Districts—40th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues; Orchard Street between Houston and Stanton Streets
- Notions District—39th Street between Seventh and Ninth Avenues
- Button District—38th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue
- Dressmaker's Dummy District—Eighth Avenue between 37th and 38th Streets
- Ribbon District—38th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
- Scissor-Sharpener District—37th



- Therapist Districts—psychiatrists, 96th Street between Park and Fifth Avenues; psychologists, 9th through 13th Streets between Broadway and Sixth Avenue; (in August, Wellfleet and Truro, Hamptons, Berkshires)
- Hungarian Meat District—Second Avenue in the Eighties
- Plastic Surgery District—Fifth Avenue between 82nd and 85th Streets
- Thrift Shop District—Third Avenue between 80th and 83rd Streets
- Euro-Designer Boutique District—Madison Avenue and 68th Street
- Chic Maternitywear District—Madison Avenue between 66th and 67th Streets
- Fat Women's Clothing District—Lexington Avenue between 65th and 66th Streets
- Garishly Decorated Singles Bar District—First Avenue between 62nd and 64th Streets
- Movie Theater District—59th Street and Third Avenue
- Interior Design District—979 Third Avenue
- Tanning District—56th to 59th Streets between Third and Park Avenues
- Big Gems District—Fifth Avenue between 56th and 57th Streets
- International-Style Architecture District—Park Avenue between 52nd and 56th Streets
- Ad Agency Districts—Madison Avenue between 46th and 60th Streets; Grand Central area; Fifth Avenue between 14th and 23rd Streets
- Benetton District—Fifth Avenue between 45th and 53rd Streets
- Tacky Loungewear District—Madison Avenue between 31st and 32nd Streets
- Indian Spice District—Lexington Avenue between 28th and 29th Streets
- Sari District—28th Street between Lexington and Park Avenues
- Oriental and Persian Rug District—Fifth Avenue between 27th and 29th Streets
- Riding Apparel District—24th Street between Third and Park Avenues
- Hospital District—First Avenue between 23rd and 34th Streets
- Toy District—23rd Street at Fifth Avenue
- Joke and Novelty District—Broadway between 20th and 22nd Streets
- Foreign Books District—Fifth Avenue between 19th and 21st Streets

PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS

between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
 Fashion Designer Showroom District—
 Broadway and Seventh Avenue between
 37th and 41st Streets
 Shoe Districts—34th Street between Fifth
 Avenue and Broadway; 8th Street between
 Fifth and Sixth Avenues
 Hat District—Sixth Avenue, low Thirties
 Fur District—30th Street between Seventh
 and Eighth Avenues
 Korean Import/Export District—
 Broadway between 28th and 29th Streets
 Plant and Flower District—Sixth Avenue
 between 26th and 28th Streets
 Photo District—20th Street between Fifth
 and Sixth Avenues
 Sewing Machine District—25th Street
 between Sixth and Seventh Avenues
 Christmas Decoration District—25th Street
 and Broadway
 Cheap, Ugly Clothing in Unnatural Fibers
 for the Whole Family District—south
 side of 14th Street between Fifth and Sixth
 Avenues
 Meat-Packing District—13th and 14th
 Streets between Greenwich and West
 Streets
 Pickup Basketball Game District—Sixth
 Avenue between West 4th Street and
 Waverly Place
 Chess Districts—southwest corner of
 Washington Square Park; Houston Street
 and Sixth Avenue; 42nd Street and Seventh
 Avenue; 50th Street and Broadway
 Bad Entertainment While-U-Eat
 District—Bleecker Street between La
 Guardia Place and Sullivan Street
 Printers District—Varick Street between
 Vandam and Clarkson Streets
 Electronic Supply District—Canal Street
 between Greene Street and West Broadway
 Metal District—Canal Street between
 Mercer and Wooster Streets
 Plastic District—Canal Street between
 Broadway and Mercer Street
 Hardware District—Canal Street between
 Broadway and Mercer Street
 Digital Watch District—Canal Street
 between Lafayette Street and Cortlandt
 Alley
 Your Name in Three-Inch-Tall Gold
 Letters District—Canal Street between
 Mulberry and Centre Streets
 Pagoda District—Canal Street between
 Elizabeth and Mulberry Streets
 Chinese Restaurant District—Mott Street
 between Pell and Canal Streets

below 14th Street
 Ukrainian District—Second Avenue
 between St. Marks Place and 9th Street
 Old Magazines and Ratty Personal Effects
 for Sale on the Sidewalk District—Astor
 Place between Third Avenue and Lafayette
 Street
 Punk Clothing District—St. Marks Place
 between Second and Third Avenues
 Designer Punk Bar District—Avenue A
 between 6th Street and St. Marks Place
 Indian Restaurant District—6th Street
 between First and Second Avenues
 Antique Clothing District—Broadway
 between 4th Street and Astor Place
 Windshield "Cleaning" Districts—
 Houston Street and Broadway; Houston
 Street and Bowery; 96th Street and FDR
 Drive; 56th Street and West Side Highway
 Restaurant Supply District—Bowery
 between Prince and Houston Streets
 Gourmet Food Shop District—Prince
 Street between Greene and Wooster Streets
 Cement Block School of Architecture
 Boutique District—Wooster Street
 between Spring and Prince Streets
 Necktie District—Allen Street between
 Delancey and Houston Streets
 Leather District—Spring Street between
 Lafayette and Crosby Streets
 Cash Register District—Bowery between
 Delancey and Rivington Streets
 Lighting District—Bowery between Grand
 and Kenmare Streets
 Italian Restaurant District—Mulberry
 Street between Hester and Grand Streets
 Cannoli and Cappuccino District—
 Mulberry Street between Canal and Hester
 Streets
 Ferry District—tip of the island
 Financial District—area around Wall and
 Broad Streets
 Fish District—South Street between Fulton
 and Beekman Streets
 Municipal District—Broadway between
 Park Place and Chambers Street
 Shopping Mall Districts—South Street
 Seaport: Herald Center, Broadway and
 34th Street; Trump Tower
 Court District—area around Centre and
 Worth Streets



The British Art

When visiting New York they promptly seek lodgings with the merest of acquaintances, relying on their accents to ingratiate. They stay forever, bent on recolonizing America one apartment at a time. RICHARD STENGEL warns that the British are coming—and staying, and staying, and staying.

WHEN I CAME DOWN FROM OXFORD FIVE years ago and returned to New York (without a degree, but with a precious mid-Atlantic accent), I was glad to be done with England. The place can get claustrophobic, and I had had it with fishy handshakes and intellectual snootiness. I found a studio apartment and started my life. I soon learned, however, that I was not finished with England, for while at Oxford (in a sherry haze, no doubt), I must have signed some obscure Anglo-American treaty without reading the fine print. Under this agreement, apparently, all Americans who have ever matriculated at Oxford and Cambridge are obligated to feed, lodge and entertain any Englishmen they knew, met or vaguely heard of while in England, or any friend or acquaintance of any Englishmen they knew, met or vaguely etc., etc.

Le vice anglais is not what the French think it is. Indeed, it is not a vice at all, but actually a peculiar kind of genius. It is the English talent for freeloading, which also goes by the names sponging, leeching and the more American mooching. This ability, I think, is the finest flowering of postwar English achievement and is best glimpsed in New York, a place where a pervasive social insecurity enables the Englishman to barter charm for sustenance, to trade smug sophistication for a fold-out couch. What raises this talent to an art is the nonchalance with which the English expect hospitality from us, and the breathtaking shamelessness with which they abuse it. New York abounds with legendary stories of British freeloading: The Girl Who Lived in Manhattan for Five Years Without an Apartment; The Couple Who Came Here on Their Honeymoon and Stayed for Four Weeks With People They Did Not Know.

About two years ago I received a call from a banker friend of mine in London. He told me that his friend Peter, whom I had met once at a rugby match, was coming to New York. Would I mind if he rang me up? No, not at all. Peter did, and we went to lunch. He was an architect, a Cambridge graduate, and had the kind of sniffy languor that suggested that even though lunch was less than superb, he had no particularly better place to be that afternoon. After I paid the bill, he told me that he had quite a bit of luggage, and would I mind terribly keeping some of it for a few days until he could send for it? I thought it an odd request but said yes. The only problem was that I would not be going back to my apartment until late that evening. I told Peter, however, that I would call up the doorman and have my apartment unlocked so that he could deposit his bags. Fine.

I returned home that night at about 12:30. I

opened the door and instantly sensed that something was awry. The lights were off, and I almost always leave them on. I followed a trail of Peter's bags into the living room and there found Peter and a young woman fast asleep in my bed—the only bed. Socks and trousers and underwear were strewn about. I went elsewhere. I returned the next day in the late afternoon. They were gone, but their bags were still there. I didn't hear from Peter for a few days, and then he called to say that he'd like to fetch his stuff. I made the same arrangement with the doorman and returned that evening to find, to my relief, no sign of Peter or his bags. On the dining room table he had left a three-inch-high chocolate champagne bottle.

We are talking, of course, about upper-class, well-educated Englishmen. They are the ones who act as though the world existed merely to divert them pleasantly, who feel that an Oxbridge accent is enough to command fawning obeisance in former colonies. I imagine that once you've lost an empire, you kind of feel that the world owes you something. After all, there is a precedent: when the British first came, they stayed for a couple hundred years before their put-upon hosts took up arms against them.

The younger English deadbeats, those still in university or just out, arrive in the U.S. with two things: a Greyhound bus pass and an address book, the latter sometimes known as the Sponge List. Typically they arrive with no toilet articles. But this is less of a problem than might be expected, as your toothpaste tube will rarely be pressed into action and your shampoo will be taken only once a week, like a spoonful of castor oil. They will be mightily impressed, however, that you have hot and cold running water coming from a single spout.

Hygiene, like cooking, is not something they're much good at. "The British don't have terribly high standards," says one now residing here, Alexandra "Gully" Wells. "They'll put up with any old shit. One friend who stayed two weeks had left his toothbrush at home. He still hadn't replaced it by the end of the first week, so he decided it wasn't worth getting a new one because he had less than a week to go." And if they should surprise you with an offer to help in the kitchen after dinner, don't let them: for some unfathomable reason, Brits put the dishes out to dry without first rinsing off the suds.

They think of cramped New York apartments as something akin to boarding school. For them, living higger-mugger next to people they hardly know and don't care for is nothing new. "English people of a certain class get used to having people around all the time because they've gone to boarding school," says

of *Freeloading*



an English cookbook author who lives in New York. "If you spend five years of your life in a room with 15 other people, you do get quite immune to it."

The older British freeloaders are often wealthy enough to stay in a hotel (or buy one), but it wouldn't even cross their minds to do so. Staying in a hotel is "common." Even though they may have a country house in Surrey with a dozen bedrooms, they will camp out on a couch in a New York garret rather than spring for a room. "If they do stay in a hotel," says British playwright and journalist John Heilpern, "they stay in the Algonquin. It's so stuffy and inefficient, it reminds them of home."

The older the family money, the more likely they are to be spongers. In England old money is treated like an esteemed family heirloom—a medieval sideboard, say, to be admired, occasionally dusted, but never, never used. Money in America, on the other hand, is made to be spent. Indeed, Brits seem to believe that New Yorkers can spiritually launder their nouveau wealth by spending it on civilized English

folk. These are the freeloaders who have developed a reputation for being glacially slow in reaching for their wallets, or for simply announcing that, like Prince Charles, they just don't have one. Have you ever, for example, seen a Brit pay for a taxi?

"The English upper class are notoriously mean," says an English upper-class woman-about-town. "A certain duke and duchess were invited by this perfectly ghastly Texan to come to Houston. She told them that she would pay for their entire trip. Well, they came, and because it was a freebie. They'd do anything for a freebie. They had the most hideous time, but it didn't matter because they didn't pay for it." She recalls one girl, the daughter of a viscount, who managed to hang around New York for 18 months without having an apartment. "She was absolutely appalling. She knew I didn't like her, but that didn't stop her from calling me. She'd call and ask to stay for three or four weeks. I'd say no, and then she'd call my roommate and ask her the same question."

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 stories of British
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 The Couple Who
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 for Four Weeks
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 They Did Not Know**

The traveling Brit is the worst offender. By way of protection, I offer a multiple-choice guide to free-loaders' opening gambits. The phone rings. "Hello, this is (a) Nigel; (b) Ian; (c) Simon." Who? "I'm a friend of (a) Chadwick's; (b) John and Sarah's, who are great pals of Stephen and Lucy's; (c) old Pompie, you remember him?" Oh, yes, of course. "Well, you see, I'm planning on visiting the U.S." Fine. When? "Well, actually I'm here at (a) La Guardia airport; (b) Port Authority; (c) er, downstairs." Pause. "Well, I was wondering if you wouldn't mind terribly if I (a) could get your advice on places to stay; (b) came to see you; (c) bunked in on your couch for a night or two, don't you know." Note that in the last sentence, (a) and (b) are synonymous with (c).

Even if you explain that all you have is a ramshackle cot and a tiny anteroom and garbage trucks that begin groaning outside the window at 5:30 a.m., they won't blanch. This is the stiff upper lip. They may think it's a bloody inconvenience for you, but it will be fine, temporarily, for them.

Englishmen living in New York are very often prey to British freeloaders. One Englishman who came to New York to work for an international advertising agency has been here for six months; he and his wife have had visitors for all but three weeks of that time. "We rented a one-bedroom in part to discourage visitors," he says. "The living room, moreover, has no curtains. We thought it might flummox some people, but it hasn't. People ring us up whom we hardly know." Even the Brits paid to promote the image of the United Kingdom admit that the English are shameless freeloaders. "The first time I stayed with friends in New York, ten years ago, I stayed on and off for three months," says Robert Titley, a flack with the British Tourist Authority here. "But I myself once had a British houseguest for *five* months. Once the British get here, they don't want to leave."

The noted English sense of privacy undergoes a sea change in New York. In London the idea of striking up a conversation with someone you don't know is regarded as highly impertinent, if not downright rude. Yet the same Englishman who would give a friendly stranger a frosty stare in London will readily sack out in the New York apartment of someone he has never met before. To maintain his own sense of decorum, he will continue to treat his host like a stranger, or perhaps a mildly annoying inconvenience. "A British houseguest," says British aphorist and longtime Manhattanite Quentin Crisp, "will stay forever and will become more imperious as time goes by. The first night you put a hot-water bottle in his bed, he'll say, 'You shouldn't have done that.' The second night he'll say, 'Thank you.' The third night he'll say, 'Where's my hot-water bottle?'" Ultimately, the English don't recognize when they are being impolite. They believe that if they scrupulously observe the *protocol* of politeness, they can blithely make your life miserable.

There are several categories of freeloading Brit.

THE PERIPATETIC PARASITE. This fellow follows you like a sniffing cold you cannot shake. An Indian friend of mine from Oxford recalls how an Oxonian

he barely knew came to visit him at his parents' house in California. "Then I flew to Boston a few days later. Suddenly he appeared at my doorstep there. After a few days I returned to New York, and he appeared once again and stayed for three and a half weeks. Another time there was a certified sponge, an accomplished parasite. I told him that he had to leave by Friday because I had two other guests arriving. He did not leave, and I had three guests for the week. He was completely unembarrassed."

THE SNOBBY SPONGE. In the nineteenth century the line on the U.S. was that it was without the "interest" that makes a country civilized. The U.S., as Matthew Arnold wrote, had produced nothing that Englishmen need bother with. These visitors retain a strong memory trace of snobbery based on centuries of imperialism and incessant dining out on the fact that Shakespeare was an Englishman. Cecil Beaton was the model of the modern Snobby Sponge. His contempt for Americans was exceeded only by his determination to milk them. "I have come here to rook the Americans, to make money and to have a good time," he confided to his diary. Snobby Sponges come to New York and carp endlessly about how tawdry and dirty and gaudy everything is, particularly after they have been refused entry at Nell's. They consider themselves guest professors of the civilized life, bringing a touch of learning and *savoir vivre* to our vacuous American lives.

THE BORED BRIT. Nothing impresses them. Except, perhaps, the price of a drink. Their reticence and ennui heighten an American's neurotic compulsion to entertain them. One New York editor was routed by the torpor of his guests. "It's not so much that they spend a night or two, but they make you feel that you're obligated to amuse them. So you take them to the theater and then a jazz club and maybe out dancing, and then they make you feel like 'Well, there really isn't much to do in New York, is there?'"

British visitors tend to have strange, often naive views of New York. Some approach the city with a romantic sense of the primitive: *What curious dances these wogs have*. Certain myths about New York are hardy perennials, like the one about crocodiles in the sewers. One Oxonian I knew, by the name of Stephen, stayed on the lumpy couch of a friend of mine. Stephen had been invited to a wedding in Philadelphia on the assumption that he would never be able to make it. He came and stayed for two weeks. "After he left," my friend recalls, "I was cleaning up and I found a stack of postcards behind the couch. The first one went something like this: 'Dear Colin, I'm in New York, and just as legend has it, the crocs are enormous. Ian.' The second: 'Dear Rachel, I'm staying in an apartment on the ground floor, and the crocs are so big here that when I was sitting on the toilet one nipped me on the bum. Love, Ian.' Every postcard had something about the crocs in."

Often the Brits don't seem to realize that this is New York, not Mayfair or some Madame Tussaud's mock-up of Manhattan. At 2:00 a.m. visiting Eng-

lishmen have been known to cry, "Say, let's go to Harlem," as though they expected to find Billie Holiday singing the blues in a smoky speakeasy and saxophonists playing lonely melodies on every street corner. Everywhere they go, they assume that their urbanity is a shield against unpleasantness. One New Yorker who has spent years dallying with Eurotrash remembers how two English bankers, one accompanied by his Italian girlfriend, came to stay at her East Side apartment. She was relegated to the couch so that the lovers could have her bed. One night after dinner they all returned to her apartment. She decided to go to sleep at about midnight, and they went out. At 3:00 a.m. she was awakened by a very high, very smelly downtown cocaine dealer sitting on the edge of her bed. "Oh, that's Morris," said one of the Englishmen with democratic sangfroid as he prepared to do business.

The British have always made the distinction between the Traveler and the Tourist. The Traveler is the heir to the explorers who traversed the globe putting on kaffiyehs and dhotis in pursuit of knowledge and the pleasure of feeling superior. The Tourist takes package holidays, stays in Hilton hotels and doesn't speak French. The Traveler stays with friends or, if that's impossible, with someone, anyone, a *native*. Upper-class English freeloaders have an absolute horror of appearing to be tourists.

To the freeloader, all places are pseudoplaces. They tend to do the same things in New York that they do in London: go out to dinner and then rent a video. Often they will arrive knowing the name of some recondite hole in the East Village, to which they

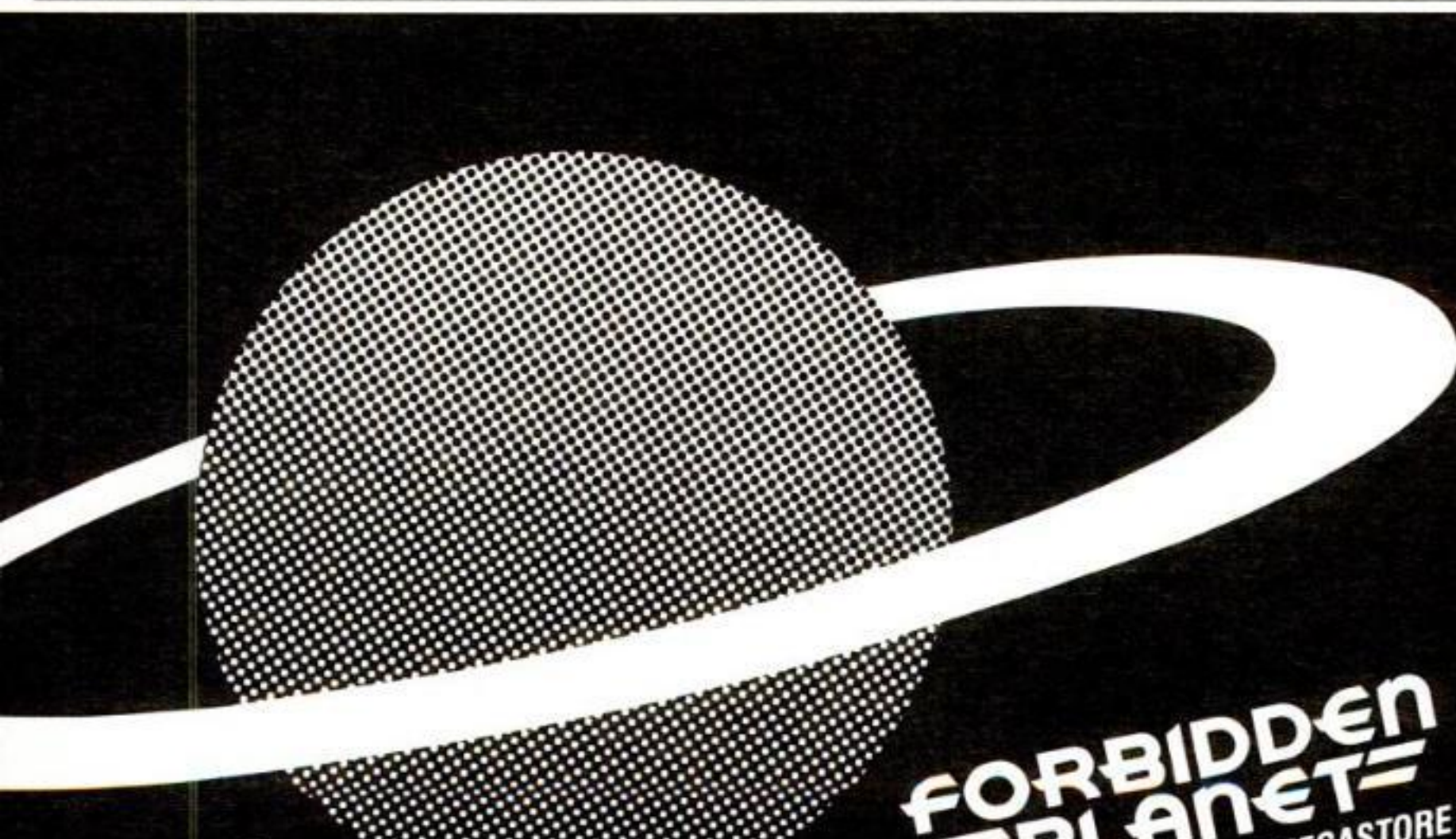
will drag you off on their first night in town; when you get there, you will think that you have stumbled into an Old Etonians reunion on Avenue B. They are much more amused seeing one another in New York than they would be in London. For a period of about two years, every Englishman I knew who came to New York wanted to go to Il Vagabondo, that narrow trattoria on East 62nd Street. Of course, they would never know the name of it, and would simply say, "Shall we go to that odd restaurant with the boccie court in it?"

New Yorkers are partly to blame for the epidemic of British freeloaders. Manhattanites, alas, are pathetic suckers for an English accent. At the sound of an effete Oxford trill or even a yobby Yorkshire drone, most New Yorkers feel overdressed or undereducated. They are certain, however, that an Englishman in their midst enhances their social cachet, when in fact it merely shows they will go to embarrassing lengths to subsidize their own social climbing. New York social climbers and British freeloaders were made for each other—a match made in Mortimer's.

And once the visiting Brits tap into New York's reservoir of unctuous Anglophilia, it is all but impossible to get rid of them. For a while, my policy was to present a stony front, to offer a wall of distant politeness but never proffer the couch—in other words, to behave like any Londoner would to an American interloper. I've since relented. I've decided that there's something reassuring about seeing imperious Brits scrape around for an invitation. After all, there is nothing like sleeping on a shaky sofa bed in the middle of a strange living room to prick pomposity. ③



**2:00 a.m.
visiting
Englishmen
have been
known to cry,
"Say, let's
go to Harlem,"
as though
they expected
to find
Billie Holiday
singing the
blues in a
smoky speakeasy**



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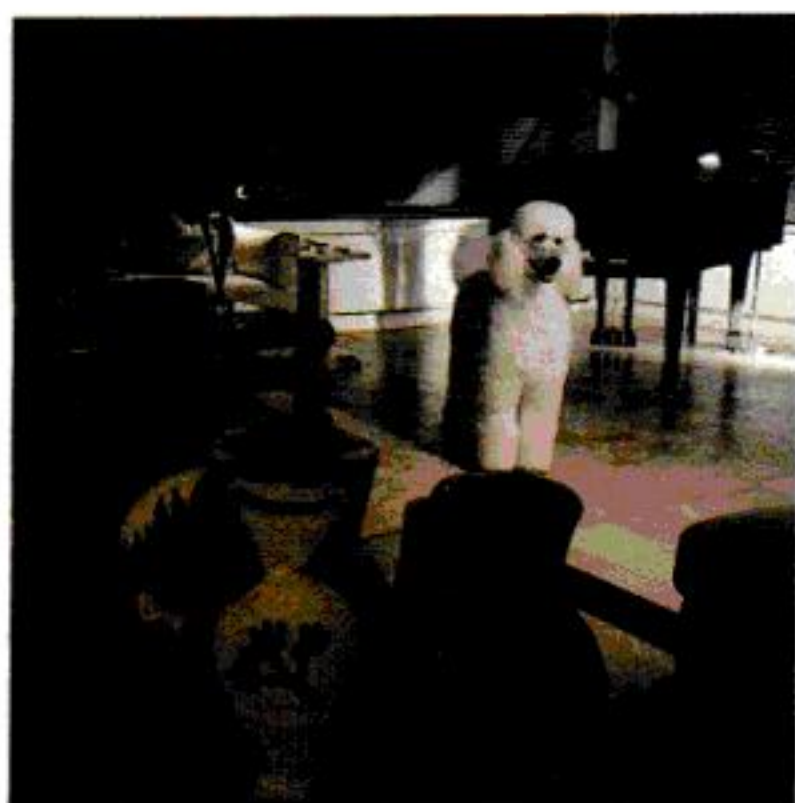


HOW RICH IS THAT DOGGIE IN THE LIMO?



*NELL SCOVELL interrogated
the Buckleys, the Petries, the LeFraks
and other notorious Manhattan
swells about their extremely
pampered pets. They confessed
everything.*

A L E K A I
A R I S T O C R A T
' ' R U F F L E ' '
L E F R A K



*"We have dogs whose paws
never touch the ground."*

—DR. HOWARD KESSLER,
AN EAST SIDE VETERINARIAN

Pat Buckley's two Cavalier King Charles Spaniels have eight perfectly good legs. Still, Buckley sometimes dispatches a chauffeur and car to fetch them from the dog-grooming salon.

For the Buckley babies and other Upper East Side curs, luxury transportation is but one of the givens of their hopelessly pampered world—a world in which privileged pets drink from silver bowls and never say when.

The clothing season for dogs is at its peak, and at Karen's for People and Pets, on Lexington Avenue, the fashion word of the moment is *sparkle*. "I'm doing a lot of gold and bronze Lurex and sequins with matching leashes and collars," says Karen Thompson, the boutique's owner. "I'm also doing dog sweaters inspired by Issey Miyake." The hand-knit, all-wool sweaters cost \$50.

At Le Chien, on First Avenue, dogs are fitted for mink coats that cost as much as \$800. For casual wear (if a dog wearing clothes can ever be called casual), there are raincoats and sweaters. Dog accessories include a string of cultured pearls and a 14-karat-gold identification pendant.

Another popular accessory is the Louis Vuitton Sac Chien (\$430 to \$470). This handbag with breathing vents is so in demand that customers at the Manhattan Vuitton store are happy to spend up to a year on a waiting list.

Alpo and Mighty Dog are good enough for the ordinary American household pet, but some New York dogs are force-fed high-protein Eukanuba dog food. It is unusually healthful, its manufacturers claim. And for the New York pet lover, here's the attractive part: Eukanuba is twice as expensive as ordinary dog food—\$9.99 for an eight-pound bag.

For some owners, though, no commercial claim of quality will suffice. Cindy Hughes takes time out from her very busy career as a designer to cook twice a day for her Shar Pei, Coco Chanel Puppoir. She uses recipes from a holistic dog cookbook. "People say I'm crazy," Hughes says, like a mind reader, "but my sister had two kids at this age [29], and she cooks for them *three* times a day."

A well-balanced diet is particularly important for Suzie, a Park Avenue miniature poodle with a weight problem. She's not fat, but Air France has an eleven-pound limit on animals flying in Le Club class. Since Suzie apparently must travel to Paris every year, she is required by her mother, Lucille Lowy-Solomon, to diet. "It's a good thing she likes celery," Solomon says.

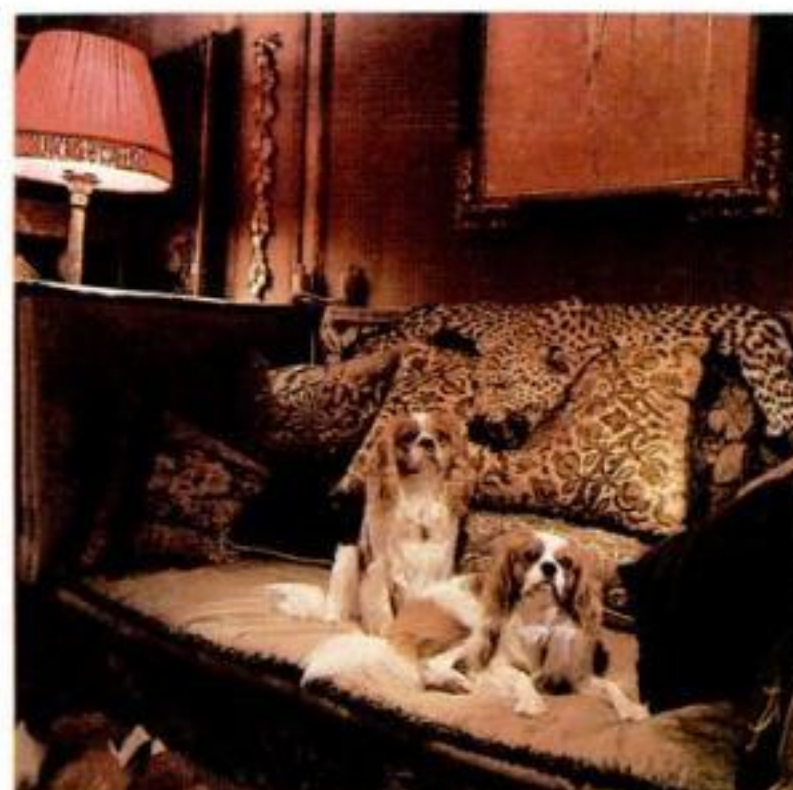
The East Side apartment building construction boom has turned many moneyed-class dogs into prescription-drug addicts. "A few years ago Macduff [a bearded collie] became *so* nervous," his owner, Sonny Sloan, says. "We later found out that dogs with acute hearing can pick up the warning signal before a blast on a construction site. We had to give him Valium until the blasting stopped."



“PEACHES”
PETRIE



MARTLET-OR
PENNY'S
HIBISCUS
“FREDDY” (LEFT)
AND MARTLET-OR
LOWESTOFT
“LOWEY”
BUCKLEY





*Peaches
Petrie is
paper-
trained to use
only the
Times's
Sunday
classifieds.
She will not
soil any
section with
pictures*

A better-adjusted pet with improved self-esteem can be had through cosmetic as well as chemical means, and it's no surprise that elective surgery for dogs is on the rise. Dr. Howard Kessler, a veterinarian on East 55th Street, performs about 20 operations a week. "We're doing a lot more plastic surgery these days," he says. "Orthodonture, removal of warts and blemishes, eye-lifts for Shar Peis."

The pets' adoptive parents, of course, feel such slavish devotion is worth it. "As society becomes more and more alienated," says pet expert Brian Kilcommons, "women are turning to animals for love, attention and protection." In some instances, a relationship with a dog can cause problems with surrounding human relationships. Priorities must be set. "Some guys get jealous of Coco," says Cindy Hughes. "They say, 'You give more attention to her than me.' But you have to. *You have to make a commitment to your dog.*"

Herewith, profiles of the East Side's most prominent dogs—the precious curs who share bed and board with the Richard LeFraks, the Milton Petries and the William F. Buckleys.

RUFFLE LEFRAK

Only a year old, Ruffle has already tasted the good life. Just by wagging her tail near a coffee table in her Fifth Avenue apartment, she puts several Picasso vases at risk.

Ruffle was tutored at home once a week for four months by Brian Kilcommons. "Actually, obedience training is more for the owner than for the dog," says Karen LeFrak, Ruffle's human parent. Fortunately, Ruffle has managed to develop basic dog values. "She's a very natural dog," LeFrak says. "She doesn't polish her toes."

Ruffle has a distinct fondness for classical music. Because she isn't allowed in Carnegie Hall, she must settle for the Philharmonic's outdoor concerts in Central Park. "Mozart is her favorite," LeFrak says.

LeFrak likes taking Ruffle to Jacks restaurant, or on shopping sprees to I. Miller and Lady Continental Shoes as well as Van Cleef & Arpels.

LeFrak bought Ruffle when she realized her two teenage sons no longer liked to be cuddled. "It was either have a baby or get a dog," she says. Ruffle even attends dinners at the apartment of LeFrak's father-in-law, real estate developer Samuel LeFrak.

In her own home, Ruffle cools off on the small terrace that faces Fifth Avenue, with a perfect view of the park. The terrace also comes in handy on rainy days, says LeFrak, since Ruffle can relieve herself without going for a walk. "I never knew the value of an unused terrace until now."

PEACHES PETRIE

"There's no doubt about it, she's one of us," says Carroll Petrie, the socialite wife of Milton Petrie, a retail-store magnate who by *Forbes's* count is worth at least \$700 million. Peaches travels widely with her family, spending spring and fall on Fifth Avenue, winters in Nassau and summers in Southampton.

Peaches goes to the grooming salon once a week,

and she is schooled in etiquette. "She's a lady," Petrie says. "She's very gentle and very kind—she'll let you play with her ears or what-have-you."

Except for the occasional limousine trip or short walk up Madison, Peaches spends most of her time in the Petries' private quarters, sharing their bed. "Peaches is supposed to stay at the foot of the bed, but Milton is so good-natured, he lets her walk all over him," Petrie says. She also shares their bathroom. She is paper-trained to use only the *Times's* Sunday classifieds; the dog will not soil any section with pictures.

Peaches takes two of her daily meals in the bathroom. For dinner, however, she "goes right into the dining room with us," Petrie says. "We put her little glass bowl down and we all eat together." Peaches prefers lamb and chicken.

Although she is nearly two years old, Peaches is not yet ready for full-scale socializing, according to her adoptive mother. "She's so small that when I entertain, I have to leave her in the bedroom. She tends to come up behind people. In a big group I'm afraid someone might step on her." Still, Petrie says, "her friends are our friends. She is quite extraordinary at deciding who are our friends and who are not. She makes more noise when the window cleaners come than when our guests arrive."

LOWEY AND FREDDY BUCKLEY

William F. Buckley Jr.'s brother, James, may be a federal judge, but his dog's brother is in the White House. Rex Reagan—the president's dog—was in the same litter as Lowey. "Mrs. Reagan saw my dog and made arrangements with the breeder for the president to get her one," Pat Buckley says. Still, having relatives in high places doesn't always help. Like Billy Carter, who also characteristically urinated outdoors, Lowey has not been invited to visit his brother in Washington.

Although Lowey and his half brother, Freddy, named after investment banker Freddy Melhado, don't get to go to Washington, they do travel to Switzerland in February and stay until the end of March. "They're brilliant skiers," says Pat Buckley. "I used to take my old dog, Rollie, for *ski de fond*—do you know what that is? It's cross-country skiing—but I can't do it anymore."

Although Buckley says that she has "no patience for women who take dogs shopping," she tries to keep the dogs close at hand at all times, even at night. "The dogs sleep in my bed," she says. And what about her husband? "He's there, too, but it sometimes gets a bit crowded."

The two Cavalier King Charles Spaniels have distinct personalities: Lowey is shy, and Freddy is aggressive. They "hate all other dogs," according to Buckley. They do, however, enjoy riding in the limousine. "I certainly do spoil them, but they're very obedient," she says. Although house-trained, the dogs do not do tricks. "Nothing is more revolting than trained dogs who do tricks," says Buckley. "It's too undignified for words. How many people do you see who sit up and beg?"



SAMANTHA JONES
Fine Lingerie



1391 Second Avenue (72nd St.) New York City 10021 (212) 472-3091

MANHATTAN

One Shocking Day in the Life of a Good Boy Gone Wrong

RAMPAGE

A
True
Story



Date: November 5, 1986

Place: New York City

Objective: crime

New York City is a lawless town. Don't be deceived by the ordered lines of the skyline. New Yorkers who scurry through the crooked streets below know that every day they wobble on the edge of a violently bubbling social stew whose ingredients spell only C-H-A-O-S. Following in the boldest tradition of adversarial journalism, SPY dispatched ERIC KAPLAN to join the



pack of preying wolves who gobble up that stew. For one day he was to *break the law* and experience whatever penalties thereby ensued. Here, in his own words, is the whole ghastly story.

10:17 A.M.

CRIME:

Disorderly Conduct (Fig. 1)

As if to scoff at civilized notions of decency, I make the obscene "large breasts" gesture in a public place, violating Section 240.20 of the New York State Penal Law.

Maximum sentence: 15 days in the slammer

10:19 A.M.

CRIME:

Jostling

I violate Penal Law Section 165.25 by "intentionally and unnecessarily" placing my hand "in the

proximity of a person's pocket or handbag."

Maximum sentence: one year

11:30 A.M.

CRIMES:

Obscenity—Disseminating Indecent Material to Minors

Manufacture of Unauthorized Recording of Sound

Unlawfully Dealing With a Child (Fig. 2)

I take this adorable child to a pornographic cinema in Times Square, where he sees images of sexual activity. Watching the movie will plant unrealistic expectations in him of both the polymorphism and the vivacity of normal sexual congress, thereby warping him for life. I also record the film on cassette and give the child a Budweiser when





it is done (violations of Penal Law Sections 235.21, 275.05 and 260.20, respectively).

Maximum sentence: for movie, four years; for recording, four years; for Bud, three months
1:10 P.M.

CRIME:
Obscenity;
presumptions
Before leaving the

similar obscene articles is presumed to possess them with intent to promote the same."

Maximum sentence: one year
1:25 P.M.

CRIMES:
Inciting to Riot
Criminal Anarchy
While waiting for the No. 7 train, I engage in a spell of illegal soapboxing. To begin with, I thumb my nose



neighborhood, I buy copies of Harold Robbins's six most recent novels. According to Penal Law Section 235.10, "A person who possesses six or more identical or

at Penal Law Section 240.08 when I exhort my fellow travelers to express their anger at the MTA by engaging in "tumultuous and violent conduct." Then, in a more radical mood,

I advocate changing the form of the existing government of New York State by means of violence, an agenda specifically prohibited by Section 240.15 of the Penal Law.

Maximum sentence: for inciting to riot, one year; for anarchy, four years

1:28 P.M.

CRIME:
Aggravated Harassment
Disappointed by the crowd's apathy but emboldened by the state's lack of vigilance, and still waiting for the train, I use a pay phone to make a telephone call "with no purpose of legitimate communication," violating Penal Law Section 240.30.

Maximum sentence: one year
3:30 P.M.

CRIME:
Trespass (Fig. 3)
The farthest uptown that I get on my felonious spree is Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park, where I violate the sanctity of this cherished public monument (Penal Law Section 140.05).

Maximum sentence: 15 days



⑥

*I
decide to
commit one last
crime in the grand
tradition of Lex Luthor
and Professor
Moriarty*



⑦

GO WEST

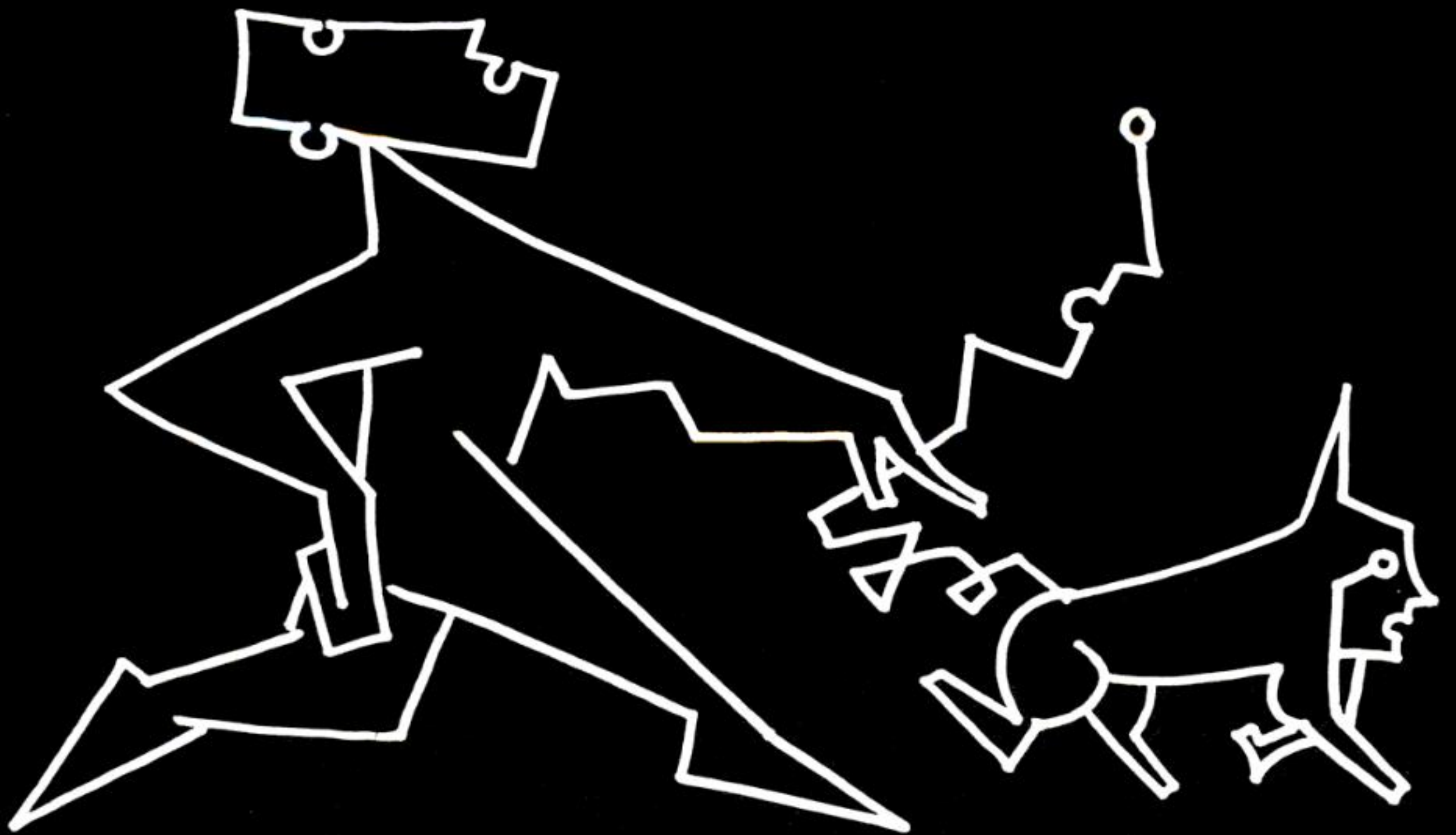
TO THE KEYS

KEY CAFE

519 HUDSON

KEY WEST

255 - 4655



IVAN ENSON

4:10 P.M.

CRIME:

Fortune Telling

(Fig. 4)

Back downtown to scoff at the state's rational prohibition of the occult. "A person is guilty of fortune telling when, for a fee or compensation which he directly or indirectly solicits or receives, he...holds himself out as being able, by claimed or pretended use of occult powers...to exorcise, influence or affect evil spirits..." violating Penal Law Section 165.35.

Maximum sentence: three months

5:15 P.M.

CRIMES:

**Fraudulent Accosting
Promotion of
Gambling 2**

(Fig. 5)

Red card, red card! Beneath a Lotto ad, I lighten the wallets of dupes, rubes, mooncalfs and simpletons, and the day pays for itself.

Maximum sentence: for accosting, one year; for gambling, one year

6:07 P.M.

CRIME:

**Offensive Exhibition
(Fig. 6)**

One is guilty by law of Offensive Exhibition when he "participates in...an exhibition in the nature of public entertainment or amusement in which...a person is held up to ridicule or contempt by voluntarily submitting to indignities such as the throwing of balls or other articles at his head or body," violating Penal Law Section 245.05. This law I break with saucy impunity.

Maximum sentence: 15 days



6:08 P.M.

CRIME:

**Possession of Fireworks
(Fig. 7)**

This form of excitement is against the law.

Maximum sentence: 15 days

7:15 P.M.

CRIME:

**Loitering
Criminal Impersonation
(Fig. 8)**

After a day of crime unpunished and virtue outraged, I decide to commit one last crime in the grand tradition of Lex Luthor and Professor Moriarty. I return to the Puck Building to collect accomplices and do a Loitering 4 on Jersey Street. "A person is guilty of loitering when he...being masked or in any manner disguised by unusual or unnatural attire or facial alteration, loiters, remains or congregates in a public place with other persons so masked or disguised," according to Penal Law Section 240.35. At the same time I commit Criminal Impersonation of a Tantric deity (Penal Law Section 190.25).

Maximum sentence: for masks, 15 days; for impersonation, one year

7:22 P.M.

Apprehended by two patrolmen of the 5th Precinct, New York City Police Department (Fig. 9). I could be charged with Disorderly Conduct, Jostling, Obscenity—Disseminating Indecent Material to Minors, Manufacture of Unauthorized Recording of Sound, Unlawfully Dealing With a Child, Obscenity, Inciting to Riot, Criminal Anarchy, Aggravated Harassment, Trespass, Fortune Telling, Fraudulent Accosting, Promotion of Gambling 2, Offensive Exhibition,

Possession of Fireworks, Loitering, Criminal Impersonation and 17 counts of conspiracy to commit same.

Total maximum sentence: 19 years, 8 months, 15 days

But the criminal's best friend, a legal system encumbered beyond dilapidation by liberal judges and crack-related deaths, has me on the street the next day.

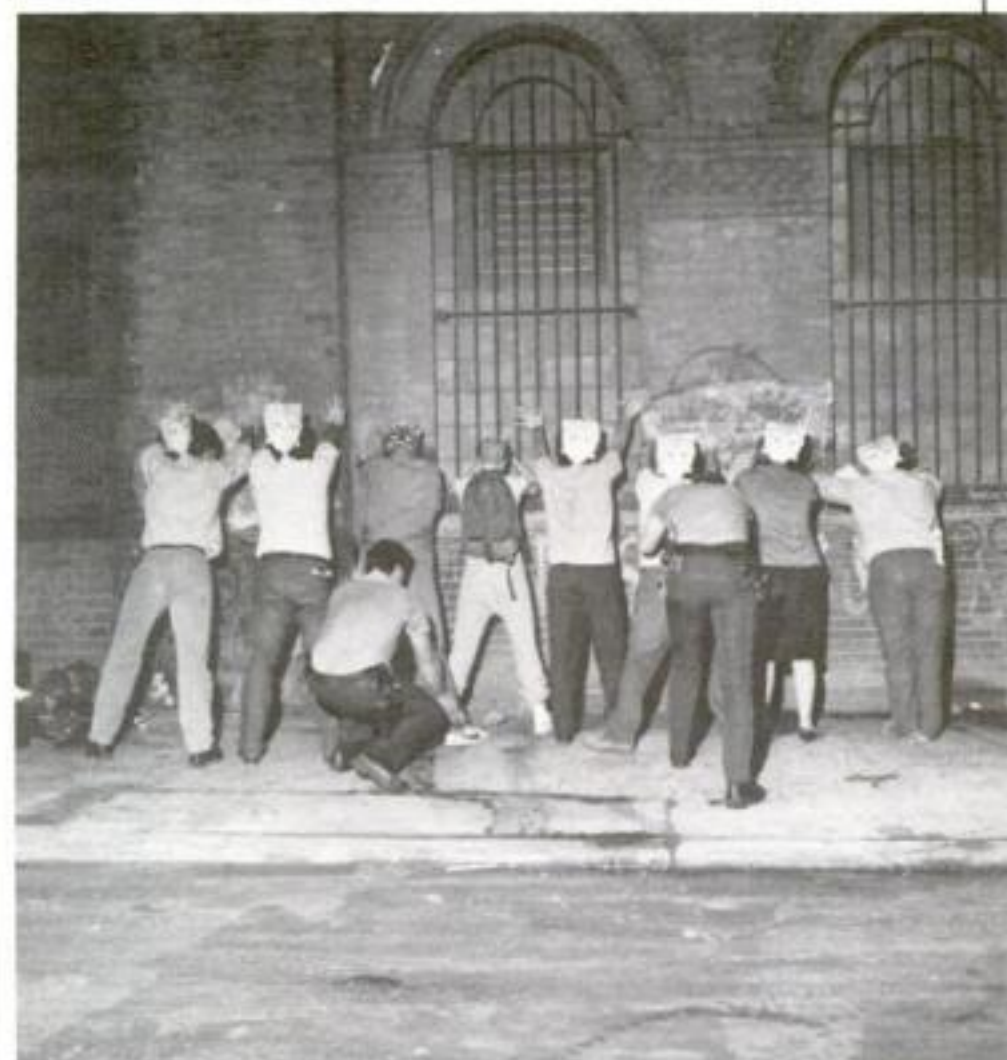
Only to break the law again.

November 6

9:14 A.M.

CRIME:

**Street Vending Without a
License (Fig. 10)**





APARTMENT ENVY AT THE MOVIES

by Bruce Handy

TOPIC A

FOR ME, THE MOST memorable moment in the film *Something Wild* came when Jeff Daniels, looking for a girlfriend at her old apartment, is asked by the new tenant, "Hey, do you know what her rent was? ... This building is supposed to be rent-stabilized; I think the landlord is screwing me." The New York audience busted up upon hearing this not particularly witty piece of dialogue. There's certainly no joke there—at least, not one that Aristophanes or Joey Adams would recognize—yet this exchange provokes the biggest laugh in the picture.

Why are these people laughing? Because rent control is on almost every New Yorker's mind more than a little of the time, and every New Yorker has been screwed by a landlord, or pretends to have been for the sake of small talk and urban solidarity. The audience laughed out of recognition, the way family members chortle at a home movie that to an outsider looks like a group of mirthless people standing around a barbecue. Human beings love to see themselves depicted. So do New

Yorkers. Sometimes.

Over the last ten years *livable* and *affordable* have atrophied as viable local adjectives, and real estate has become this city's favorite obsession. At the same time the number of feature films shot each year in New York has increased dramatically—from 23 in 1975 to 85 in 1985. The confluence of these factors is affecting the way we watch movies. Kept alert by claustrophobia, New Yorkers are too attuned to habitat to ever entirely relax and give themselves over to any film that portrays a New York City living space. (This brand of association should not be confused with the self-affirming thrill some people get when they recognize a familiar locale on the big screen, causing even sedate East Side theaters to buzz and hum: "Hey! See where Madonna's selling that jacket? I've been there!")

It's impossible to enjoy a movie when every interior reminds you of the niggardliness of your own four walls and ceiling. A friend living in a Brooklyn ghetto walked out of *Moscow on the Hudson* when Robin Williams's émigré cabdriver effortlessly found himself a funky, spacious floor-through on a choice East Village side street. Audiences in Des Moines probably didn't give it a second thought, but to my bitter friend, this improbable plot point was a kick in the teeth.

Similar insults abound in recent films (although compared with the movies of the 1930s and '40s, where Manhattan swells caroused in stunning deco apartment sets that filled entire soundstages—think of *Holiday*, *The Awful Truth* and *Adam's Rib*—we are living through an age of grim cinematic realism). Where in this city, for example, could Daryl Hannah's orphaned, waifish performance artist have found a hangar-size loft like the one she had in *Legal Eagles*? Is the Newspaper Guild so strong that reporter Lois Lane could actually afford that terraced penthouse where she romanced Superman? And in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, did that marvelous Chinatown space with the stunning light fall into the dreamy-eyed projectionist's hands as easily as Rosanna Arquette did? Not even John Sayles, the low-budget Alan Alda, tells the truth about living in the city: after one day in town, his brother from another planet found a cozy home with a welfare family who just happened to have an extra room. (In Sayles's defense, this was presented as a kind of low-grade science fiction.)

Woody Allen, of course, remains Public Enemy Number One in this regard. You watch his New York movies and you're overcome with an unwholesomely strong desire to live in a gracious, civilized apartment. The Manhattanite who copes with three roommates, two rooms and one window thinks to himself, *If only I had room enough for a bookshelf brimming with e. e. cummings and books*

about death, maybe then I wouldn't be the kind of common slob Woody films with a fish-eye lens. Allen's gauzy view of urban living is so seductive it leaves you weak-kneed and frustrated; it's yuppie porn. The fact that Allen often shoots on location in his friends' actual fabulous apartments only adds insult to injury. At least we know that Lois Lane's affordable penthouse only exists at Pinewood Studios.

Even when confronted with less egregious romanticizations, New Yorkers reflexively calculate, "Where is that place, how much should it cost, does it have enough closet space?" You keep hoping the camera will follow somebody into the bathroom so you can check the grouting. Watching Sid and Nancy slowly kill themselves, I couldn't help but wonder whether, if I whizzed over to the Hotel Chelsea right after the credits, the room might still be available—just let me sign the lease and I'll clean the carpet myself.

Granted, no one really expects or even wants the movies to portray life as it is led by the vast majority of people—at best, that would be like spending two hours staring at an ant farm. Movie characters are sexier than people in real life, movie cars are shinier, movie conversations wittier (except in Michael Cimino movies). Audiences demand this upscaling. The average woman's sexual partners might never be as attractive as Tom Cruise, but she can go to a movie and watch Tom Cruise goof around in his briefs and some part of her can believe that maybe, if the circumstances were just right.... Many men do the same thing while watching Daryl Hannah lumber about onscreen—but if they're New Yorkers, they know to a man, in every nook, fold and lint trap of their consciousness, that they'll NEVER EVER LIVE IN AN APARTMENT EVEN HALF THAT BIG—NOT IN A MILLION YEARS.

The problem is this: implicitly, when not explicitly, most movies are about illusion and hope, and New York real estate is about despair. The combination is like a fish bone turned sideways in your throat. ☹

PARODISTS LOST

by Michèle Bennett

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

HELLO, EVERYBODY! It is, as you know, a tough life, particularly for critics, and I see that I have been taken to task by my good friend Geoffrey Stokes of

The Village Voice. For what it's worth—not too much—Stokes has nobly come to the defense of *Voice* movie critic David "Wangdoodle" Edelstein, pointing out in his distinguished column, Press Clips, that "if 'Michele Bennett' were nearly as smart as he/she pretends, Bennett wouldn't have quoted a David Edelstein parody as though it were serious."

These are wounding words. How would Stokes like to be referred to as a he/she? Or a she/he? He wouldn't. In the first place, I am, as the great philosopher said, what I am. Second, I had no idea that the good but highly excitable Edelstein was attempting a parody. I should like to apologize to Wangdoodle here and now. All I can say is that in my business, it is sometimes very difficult to tell a parody from the real thing.

Here, for example, is Edelstein on the soft-porn movie *Betty Blue*: "Speaking for myself, I don't see how it's possible to dislike a film that begins with the camera moving in on a naked couple humping, and then just sits and watches until their noisy, drawn-out orgasms cease. One shot, you understand, and no blanket. Kawabunga!"

But here's *New York* magazine's David Denby on the same film: "A show-off movie, with hardly a single scene grounded in common observation, *Betty Blue* may be the first art film for morons."

Kawabunga! Those are harsh words. It is all, I need hardly add, a matter of opinion. Unless, of course, you're a parodist, in which case I guess you're beyond reproach. "It's a throaty, bourbon-and-velvet whisper—a voice made for postcoital purring," wrote *Vogue*'s Hal Hinson of "Helen Shaver's X-rated emotions." Is this the real thing? He goes on: "In her new film, Martin Scorsese's *The Color of Money*, [Shaver] plays the owner of a friendly but not-too-exclusive bar, and her line to Paul Newman early on in the film—'Come by my place later and I'll make you an omelet'—may be the slinkiest come-on of the year." An omelet? It seems to lack a certain something. But if *Vogue* says it's the slinkiest come-on of the year, it must be.

Being alluring isn't easy, though. Is cultural critic John Heilpern parodying celebrity profiles in *Elle* when he begins his Zeffirelli piece in a let's-get-acquainted mode? "Franco Zeffirelli, the world's foremost opera director, met me at a friend's house in Hollywood, high in the hills overlooking Sunset Boulevard. 'How are you, maestro?' I asked. 'Beautiful!' he replied, and he wrapped his arm around my waist, led me inside the house, and said: 'What would you like to drink, darling?'"

Is *Vanity Fair* critic James Wolcott parodying himself, or *Vanity Fair*, when he reviews the "tutu shocking" memoirs of the former cokehead Gelsey Kirkland: "*Dancing on My*

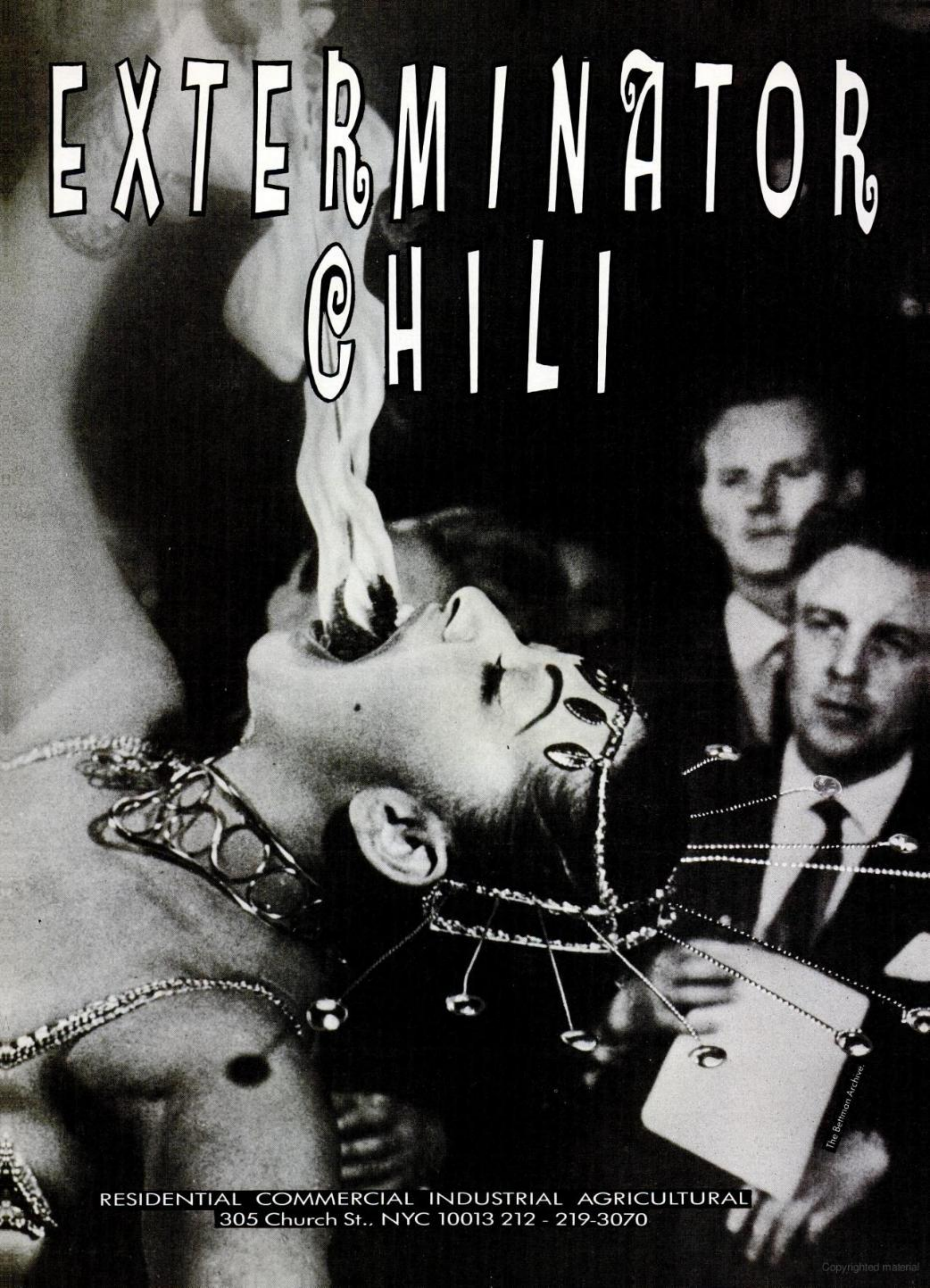
Grave has dirty bits galore, and its coked-out surliness is a kick to the shins. Now that she's thet it and thet it, I wouldn't wish for a slew of thuch books"? Now ith thith pawody or thwat? Then again, he writes of David Byrne, the "Cocteau in a cowboy hat," that his "genius for discombobulation is his very own groove-thang." Groove-thang? (I'm told this is a reference to a song, but unfortunately I have been unable to discover which thong it ith.)

Byrne, the consummate writer's rock star, seems to throw all of his admiring critics into a tizzy. Consider this geographic/athletic summation by Jay Cocks in *Time*: "Byrne's lyrics played four-wall handball with anomie and, floating all around the band's cunning and enterprising rhythms, moved the Heads past punk and over the crest of rock's new wave into a forefront they had sharpened up for themselves." Got a mental picture of that?

Writing about the music industry's other event of the decade, the release of Bruce Springsteen's live album, Cocks was decidedly more controlled. Meanwhile, all the other reviewers took the opportunity to play amateur historian and to wave little newsprint flags. *Newsday*'s Wayne Robins suggested, "You'd think that today [release day] should be declared a national holiday." Stephen Holden wrote in the *Times*, "More important, the album is the pop-record equivalent of an epic American novel, its story told in the ungrammatical, rough-hewn vocabulary of rock." And Richard Harrington of *The Washington Post* concluded, "[*Live*] is more than a great highway run through the heartland of rock 'n' roll. . . . [It is] a new genre—audiography." It is also, claimed Harrington, "intimate and ecstatic, exhausting and exhilarating—at times simply overwhelming. It should become the first record to provoke standing ovations in the living room, with people punching their fists at the ceiling and not feeling at all foolish." Is he sure about that?

Mr. Leo Lerman, the veteran Condé Nast editorial poobah, is not a critic, but are we to take him seriously when he writes in *House & Garden* of the American Ballet Theatre's Nora Kaye and her husband, movie director Herbert Ross, that "she laughs him into this and he laughs her out of that and before the mutual merriment languishes they have a new collection, even a new house"? And what about the house? "There is something Jugendstil about the utterly unrevealing, white-white street face of this seeming one-story, modest-for-Hollywood house." There is, nevertheless, "shimmering, shining splendor," "light-tumultuous," a "black-black swimming pool" (contrasting nicely with the white-white street face). It was in the black-black swimming pool, Mr. Lerman-Lerman notes, that "here one early afternoon, between spectacular cloudbursts, I saw a pas de deux as en-

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chanting as any I ever saw in over sixty years of ballet-going: Misha Baryshnikov and his ravishing five-year-old daughter, Shura, frolicking like creatures born of air and water."

Compared to which we prefer the more plain-speaking Iggy Pop on Raquel Welch. "She's really intense," he told *Rolling Stone*. "It was like talkin' to Hitler."

David Letterman, who has lately given 2,322 exclusive interviews, gave another rare one to *Washington Post* TV critic Tom Shales. "Late Night," Shales wrote in *Esquire*, "is built on the ruins of television's thirty-year failure to become the cultural savior of the American people." Just when you thought Letterman was hip. Bryant Gumbel gave a typically self-effacing interview in *Playboy*. "[Celebrity] is getting way out of hand," said Gumbel. "It's reached such extremes in this country that it's embarrassing to be included. I like to think of myself as above the fray." To which *Playboy* did not reply, "If you like to be above the fray, big mouth, why are you doing this?"

And *GQ* movie reviewer Kenneth Turan profiled Harrison Ford, "Hollywood's Mr. Mum": "In yet another surprising twist, Harrison Ford, for all his intensity and moodiness, has a crackerjack sense of humor that ranges from sophisticated one-liners, such as telling *The New York Times* that the hardest stunt in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* 'was keeping that hat on the whole time,' to lying down on a bed, languidly throwing his arm behind him à la Gloria Swanson and announcing with mock airiness, 'Okay, I'm ready for the interview to begin.'"

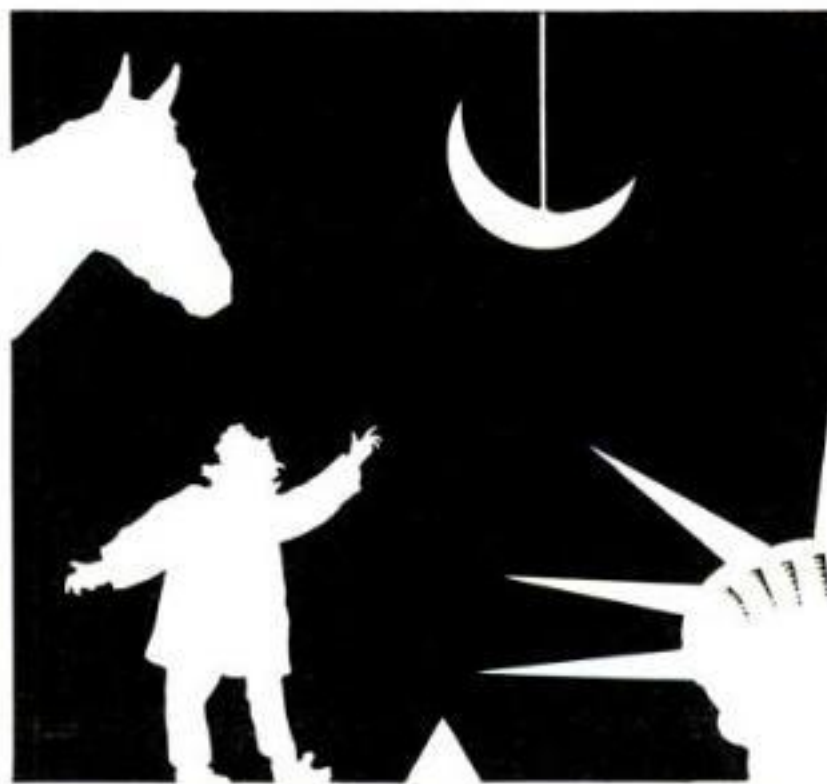
It's difficult to continue, I'm laughing so hard. I expect you are, too. But the question is, is that a "crackerjack sense of humor" or a parody of one? Is Turan onto something profoundly mysterious and ironic, or is he just whistling Dixie? When it comes to celebrities, and critics writing about celebrities, no one can be sure. ☺

DOODADS 'N' DANCE

by Nancy Vreeland Dalva

HIGH
CULTURE

EARLY LAST FALL alert ticket holders at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival—whose stated purpose is to "provide a stage for the confrontation of the contemporary creative sensibility with traditional forms of performing



arts"—saw, among other things offstage: Bianca Jagger's glossy shoulders, Tommy Tune's blue hair, Fran Lebowitz's black tie, Carl Bernstein's salmon en croûte, Candice Bergen's haute pilgrim evening attire, stretch limousines with the engines running, and Japanese fighting fish wrapped up as party favors.

Also, on the BAM stage: Twelve long-legged stools festooned with miscellaneous dancewear (in *Roaratorio*, an unusually programmatic work by grand chancemasters Merce Cunningham and John Cage responding to *Finnegans Wake*). A self-proclaimed "live movie" with "stylized acting," captions, slides and huge projected quotations from writers such as Camus, Brecht, Helen Keller and Black Elk (in *Social Amnesia*, a jejune harangue by the aptly named Impossible Theater, and John Schneider). A red tutu with spangles, policemen's nightsticks used in simulated sexual acts as simulated phalluses, false buttocks, quilted white angel wings, a cordless microphone, a pinafore, an apron, a blond wig and another phallus (this one strapped on for convenience in brandishing and castrating), rather complicated gonads painted on flesh-toned leotards, a flag, a rice cake, a plastic torso, a fake bird, novelty eyeglasses with eyeballs on springs, falsies, an inflatable guitar, great swags of fabric and some inflatable legs (in heterophobic British camper Michael Clark's tiresome *No Fire Escape in Hell*).

By now Halloween had been ruined, but everyone trooped back to BAM and saw a desk, a chair, a telephone, a video terminal, a computer-generated billboard, a white slatted enclosure filled with 150 pounds of white turkey feathers, slides, film, two giant-rodents-from-outer-space, one giant chipmunk, some quasi-Victorian angels wearing black-and-brownish dresses accessorized with golden hair and white masks, a green-robed figure in a towering black stovepipe hat and mask and gloves, a stage-wide band of fluorescent footlights, and some orange reflector vests (in the bewildering and obscure *The Angels of Swedenborg*, co-choreographed for the Fiji Company by Ping Chong and John Fleming).

Eleven chairs and a black plastic garbage bag-like cyclorama (in Belgian Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker's punishing, radiant four-woman piece, *Rosas Danst Rosas*, a rigorous synthesis of minimalism and expressionism). Two grand pianos (in Molissa Fenley's awkward, implosive and affectless chamber piece, *Geologic Moments*). Five ficus trees and three backdrops decorated with giant crosses (in two new Mark Morris dances, with Morris showing the strains of nonstop work: occasionally beautiful, frequently facile, impatient-looking choreography).

At least by this point the avalanche of accoutrements, devices, properties, decorations and getups seemed to be slowing—perhaps the lull before a storm? Still to come were Eiko & Koma (who have employed grain and water in their work), David Gordon/Pick Up Co., the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the Kamikaze Ground Crew, Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co. and, finally, the Rome section of emperor's-new-clothier Robert Wilson's *the CIVIL warS*.

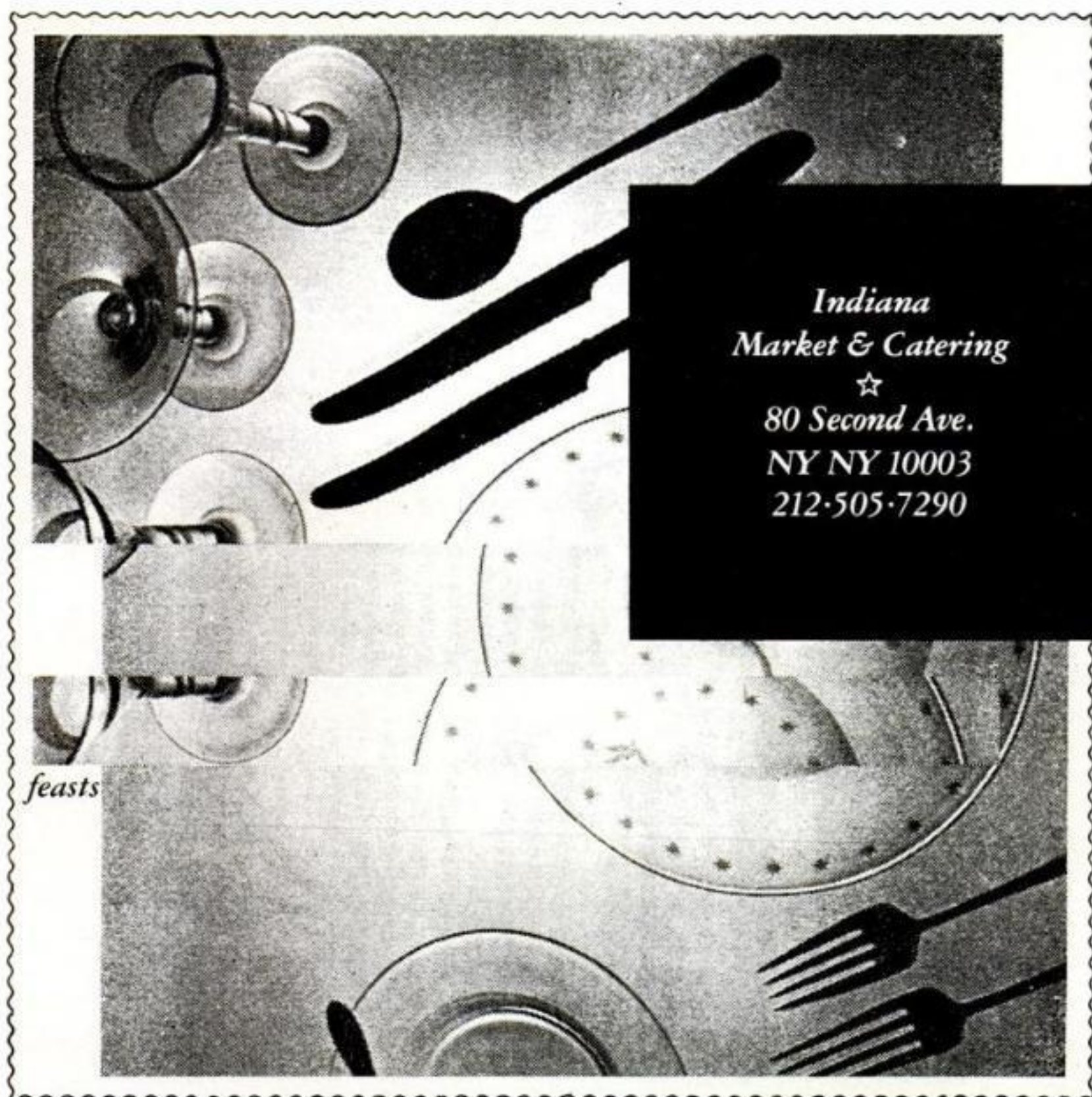
All along, an aural onslaught had taken its toll with complex multitrack sound systems employed as offensive weapons: *flack, flack, bang, boom, scream, howl, clop*. By the time Ping Chong's Swedenborgian angels wafted in, a perpetually flushing toilet in the ladies' room sounded intentional: the perfect overture, entr'acte or postlude, depending on when you stopped in to powder your nose. ☺

BARNEYS FIDDLES, ROEHM BURNS

by T. S. Lord

FASHION

WEAK JOKE: HOW many publicists does it take to screw in a light bulb? Answer: only one, but you can't find one because they're all out promoting Carlyne Roehm. Lordy, what a blitz. *Town & Country*, *New York, W, Avenue*, the *Times*—and those are just the major pieces. Never mind the columns. Not that each magazine expected all that company. I hear that Carlyne promised *Town & Country* an exclusive but then, while their luscious ten-page spread was being printed, reneged and cooperated with all the other magazines.



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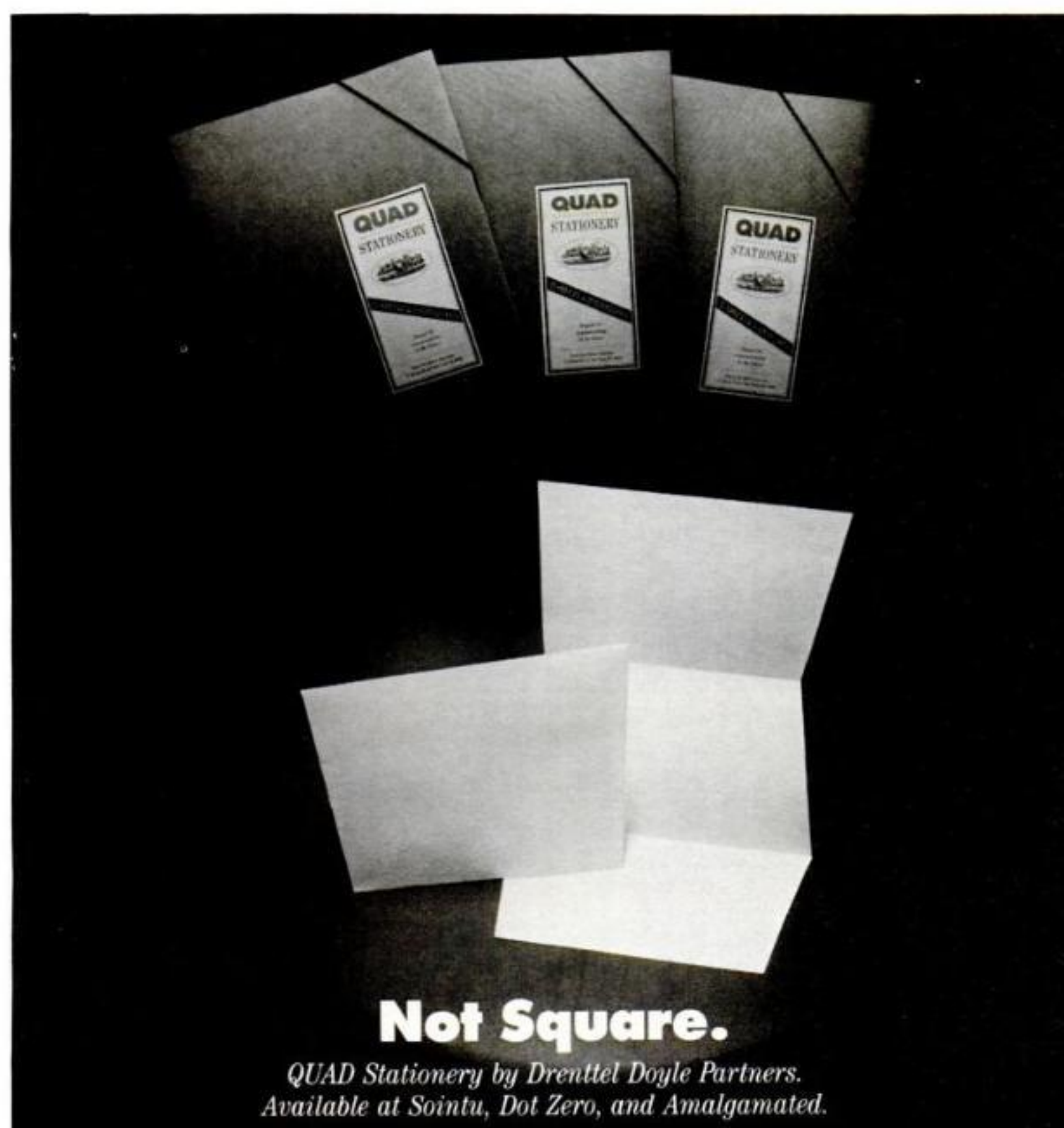
Anyway, Carolyn is colorful. She's skinny and has good legs and wears her own clothes well. She used to work for Oscar de la Renta. Now she works for herself. She used to be married to a rich German; now she's married to a leveraged buy-out king (Henry R. Kravis). They have a skillion-dollar apartment. They're great copy. Carolyn and Henry are this year's Ron Perelman and Claudia Cohen. Ron Perelman and Claudia Cohen were last year's Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg. Personally, I have a little trouble keeping these duos straight.

All of the wives are brunets with virtually identical coloring. All of the apartments have Sargents or Velázquezes or Rubenses, and silk brocade walls and stringy fringe hanging from the upholstery. All of the dining tables hold 90 of their closest fabulous new friends. All of the husbands rake it in in Wall Streetish endeavors: Henry Kravis is a pretty serious businessman who, in print, does not conceal his annoyance at his wife's publicity storm, but Ron Perelman and Saul Steinberg mug companies and shareholders, then appear at (visible, chichi) charity events because they care about their fellow man. Ah, well, who ever said capitalists were consistent?

Roehm comes across as ladylike, and she designs ladylike. For spring, though, even she has added a few *FUN! MAD!* fashions. She has this cute little white wool suit, with a cute little flippy skirt that's short—short as a skort. (Remember skorts? Why aren't they back? They're *FUN!*) The suit would look great on a 16-year-old; do 16-year-olds wear \$3,000 suits? Not to dump on inspiration; I'm all for creativity and variety, and it's about time somebody did something different. And even if some of the most outrageous of this *MAD!* stuff becomes this year's midi disaster, it has influenced some serious designers to lighten up a little. How bad can that be? Which brings up the fact that everyone I know is complaining, as ever, that they have nothing to wear. Which brings up the subject of the Women's Store at Barneys.

ABOUT BARNEYS: Yes, it's gorgeous. It's white and bright and sleek with that splendid Fred and Ginger staircase spiraling right up through the center. Barneys looks the way stores ought to look but haven't in 40 years—like a set in a Clare Booth Luce play where everyone sits around the beauty parlor getting Jungle Red painted on their nails and dishing the dirt. It has a neat place to eat, notwithstanding the woman behind the buffet table who snaps at you if you don't decide fast enough. Also, it has free parking. *Free parking in New York!* And the store ought to be beautiful: it cost \$25 million.

So what's the problem? Why are people complaining? Because they don't like the clothes! They don't like the selection! There



Not Square.

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are two whole floors of bland lady-banker wear, then a few departments with very expensive designer clothes (Valentino, Chanel, Armani, Saint Laurent), and not a whole lot in between. I mean, why go to Seventh Avenue and 17th Street for Valentino when it's not a very complete selection anyway? How can it compete with Madison Avenue?

Barneys is one schizoid store. Consider the AIDS benefit held there recently. About one-third of the crowd were paying guests, meaning they forked over \$100 per for cocktails and fashion show. Let's call them the uptown crowd. You know—Judy Peabody, Tish Baldridge. There were also some uptown establishment designers—Blass, De la Renta. The rest—about 500—were nonpaying guests, both invited and crashing. Let's call them the downtown crowd. It was as if Palladium and Area had emptied into Barneys. Everyone was obliged to stand outside, waiting 30 minutes or more to get in, tickets or no. Then there were the jostling, pushing hordes of photographers inside. And lighting cables all over the floor, constantly tripping people. (One guest was badly hurt.)

Then there was the frankly freaky fashion show. An impressive roster of models—male, female and sex uncertain—vamped and slithered down the stairs in 80-plus Levi's jackets that had been decorated by designers and artists, including Keith Haring, Yves Saint Laurent and Andy Warhol. Strutting their stuff were Madonna (who sent the paparazzi into a frenzy), Paulina Porizkova (who had the decency to look embarrassed), Deborah Harry (looking tired and chubby in Stephen Sprouse, who has not been able to find backing for over a year) and Fran Lebowitz (in Paloma Picasso, naturally). Most of the designers didn't outdo themselves. One jacket featured a stuffed animal hanging out of a pocket. One of the cutest was a midriff-baring, sequined Kenzo with matching micromini. The jackets were to be sold at silent auction, in many cases with reserve minimums of a couple of thousand bucks.

Put it all together and what do you get? Good theater, if you stayed out of harm's way and could still see. Nevertheless, Barneys is an establishment that sells Armani and yuppie off the rack, then holds an event at which the people who would buy such things are nearly trampled to death while trying to catch a glimpse of \$2,000 jean jackets. Could it be that there's a bit of a generation gap in the Pressman family?

One store that seems to know precisely what it is and, we hope, will continue to do so under its new management is Lord & Taylor. Like Barneys, it's a bit geographically déclassé, 39th Street being neither high nor low enough. Lord & Taylor ought to open a satellite store in the first three or four floors of

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whatever building goes up where Gimbels East is coming down. It would do wonders for 86th Street and put L&T within drop-in distance of a lot more shoppers. The notion works in Paris, for Galeries Lafayette and Le Printemps. Why not in New York? 3

REAGAN'S READING DISABILITY

by Edward Zuckerman

POLITICS

IF RONALD REAGAN is sitting around this weekend reading old copies of *Human Events* instead of some exciting contemporary literature, it's not for lack of effort on the parts of the American Booksellers Association (ABA), the White House curator and me.

We have all been working like heck to repair a breach in a tradition going back to the Hoover administration, when the ABA began presenting a selection of current American books to the White House every four years. Every president from Hoover to Carter received the books in little ceremonies in which officials of the ABA crowded around the president, looking stiff and having their picture taken. A Nixon-era photo shows the president smiling giddily in the midst of 19 booksellers, one of whom is holding a copy of *Great Gardens of America*. Jimmy Carter did not receive his books personally, but "at least he got Rosalynn freed up enough to take them," recalls Allan Marshall, the ABA director of special projects.

The ABA has had no such luck with the Reagans. During the first Reagan term the organization attempted unsuccessfully to arrange a presentation and finally gave up and just shipped the books. With the dawn of the second administration, the ABA decided to try again. It approached the White House and for its efforts got back a letter from the director of presidential appointments and scheduling, lamenting the impossibility of arranging a session "in view of the President's very heavy official schedule." The letter continued, "We are unable to suggest a time in the months ahead when this might be worked out. . . . It was hoped that, if the President could not accept the books, Mrs. Reagan might do so. But unfortunately, she too will be unable to have this included on her busy schedule. It is suggested, therefore, that you may want to ship

the books directly to the White House. With our best wishes . . ."

This did not sit well with ABA officials, who were damned if they were just going to ship the books again after all those years of little ceremonies. ABA executive director Bernie Rath and Allan Marshall journeyed to Washington in the fall of 1985 to meet with White House curator Rex Scouten, who assured them that the whole affair was a dreadful mistake. The White House wanted the books, Scouten said; he would try to arrange the presentation.

More than a year later, nothing has happened. This is too bad. The presenting of books to presidents may be of no more actual significance than the annual declaration of Potato Week, but it was nice. And it's surely better to have those guys reading *What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School* than dispatching the Marines.

What went awry with the Reagan book presentation? There are several theories:

1. *The Preference for Knickknacks Theory*. This originated with a report in *Publishers Weekly* last summer that "a friend who has visited the White House during both the previous administration and the present one, has noticed that shelves which formerly held books now hold knickknacks." The "friend," it turns out, may have been none other than Jimmy Carter, who sat next to ABA president J. Rhett Jackson at an authors' breakfast and said, Jackson recalls, that he had been back to the White House once and found that "where he had books, they now had knickknacks. He couldn't find any books around."

An official Carter spokeswoman said the ex-president would have no comment on this report. But it is not hard to believe that Nancy Reagan has replaced *Moby Dick* with decorative bric-a-brac.

2. *The Born-Again Theory*. "It may be totally off-the-wall," says Bernie Rath, "but I would surmise that it would be easier for the Christian Booksellers Association to get an appointment than the *American Booksellers Association*." Rath backed up his conjecture by producing a presidential letter to last year's Christian Booksellers convention, in which Reagan commended their "hard work to spread the Word of God."

Reagan also, however, sent a message to the last ABA convention (about the virtues of literacy), and there have been no recent news pictures of Christian booksellers trooping into the Oval Office to pose with Reagan and Chuck Colson's memoirs.

3. *The Wrong-People Theory*. "The basic mistake," says Rex Scouten, "is [the ABA] didn't come back to the channel they'd always come to in the past—the curator or the head usher. . . . They went to the wrong people. [The president's office staff] were all new peo-

ple. They didn't know anything about the ABA, and they get bombarded with ten thousand gifts."

A nice theory, Rex, but the negative letter to the ABA from the presidential appointments director begins, "Rex Scouten promptly delivered to me your June 17 letter . . ."

On the other hand, judging from the reactions I got from White House apparatchiks when I called to track down the story, they sure are the wrong people. "I have not heard of that," said a woman in the White House press office. "I have no comment yet."

Yet?

"This type of thing is usually handled by the first lady's office. They probably will not have any comment on that, but try the first lady's office. . . . By the way, I'm always in the market for a good book."

The first lady's spokeswoman: "I don't know anything about that. I don't think there's any further comment."

4. *The Communication Snafu Theory*. This one looks pretty good.

After the 1985 meeting with Scouten, the ABA's Marshall says, "we left it that he would get back to us, and we never heard anything."

Scouten remembers differently. "The way we left it," he says, "was they would come back to me with a date and I would arrange it. I'm still waiting for Mr. Rath to give me a time. I've called. I left my name, and they've never gotten back to me. I left word for Mr. Rath while he was in New Orleans [at the last ABA convention]."

Which is news to Rath. "We thought Mr. Scouten had retired," he says. "I read somewhere that he'd retired. . . . If he left a message for me during the convention, it's possible it was lost. We had temps in here who were just telling everybody that we were all gone."

And that's where the matter lay when I began my inquiries. "Will you tell Mr. Rath I'm still waiting for him to give me a time?" Scouten asked me. "I'd be deeply appreciative if you could arrange something, because dog-gone it, we don't have any problem with it."

In the tradition of Walter Cronkite arranging the meeting between Begin and Sadat, I telephoned the ABA.

"That puts a different light on it," Rath said. "I had no idea Scouten was still working there. I'll drop him a letter. Our next convention is in Washington in May. It's a perfect opportunity. I'll propose Friday, May 22. . . . So they can't say we're being difficult, I'll propose Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday or Tuesday."

Seven weeks later I called Scouten again and asked him if he'd had a letter from Rath. "No," he said.

Nothing about the ABA convention over Memorial Day?

"Memorial Day? I'm going to mark that on

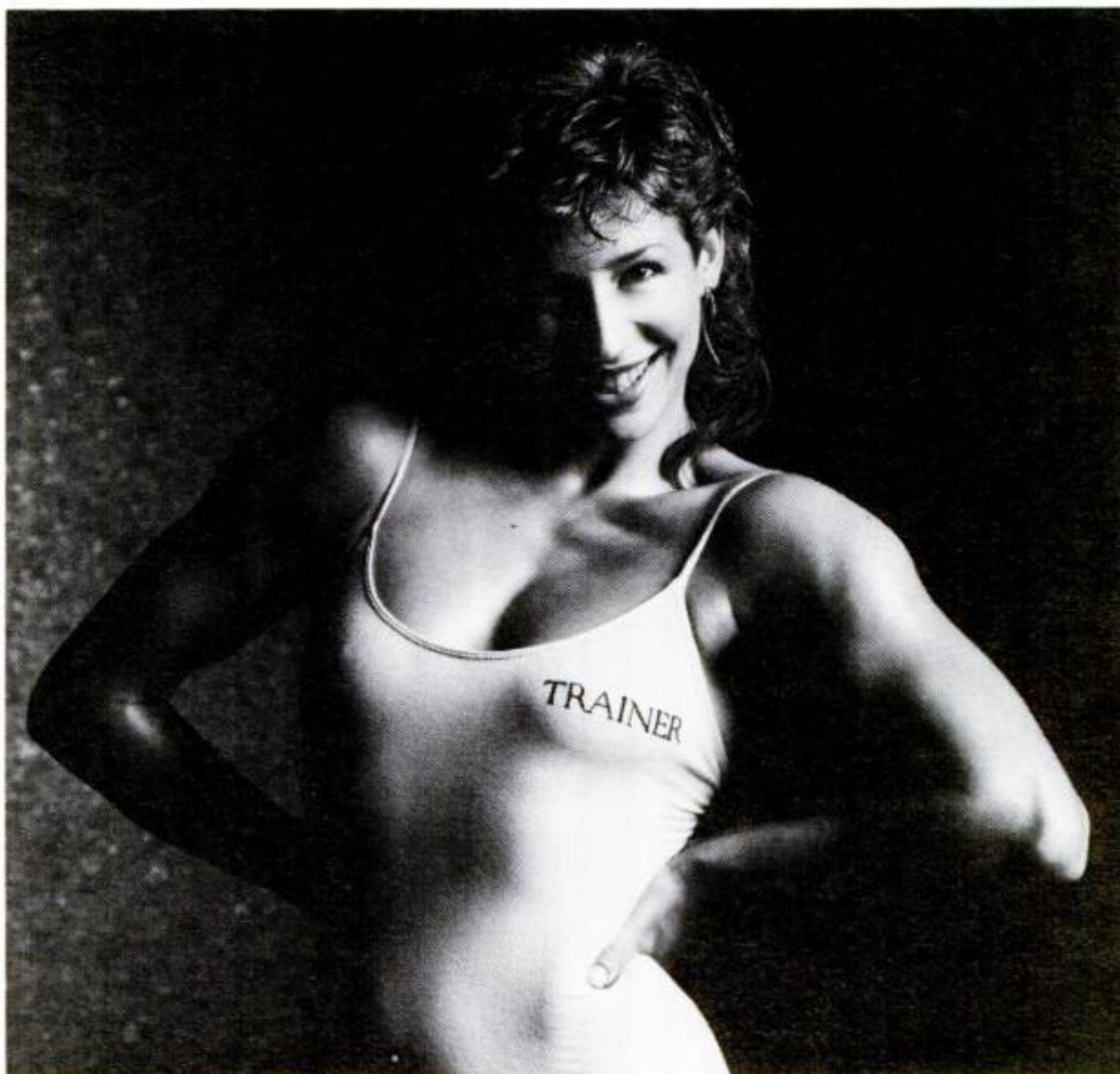


Photo by Morris Lane

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DEFINITIONS
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my calendar. If I don't hear anything, I'll try to contact them again after the first of the year." ③

THE DROOLING CLASS

by Paul Rudnick

RUDE
BOY

I WANT TO HAVE A baby. But unlike Madonna, I don't want to keep my baby. I want to have it, write about it, be interviewed about it, be photographed with it hanging off my body and generally merchandise the pinchable little critter to death and then throw it away.

I want to be like Bob Greene, who dredged the best-seller *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* out of his tot's first year. I want to be like Anna Quindlen and Joyce Maynard, those Bombeck cadets, who prattle on motherhood in all those *New York Times* Hers and Life In The 30s columns—you know, the pieces that make the paper sound like an upscale *McCall's*. Some gorgeous model is always traipsing past Anna or Joyce, whose colicky toddler has just vomited on Mom's sensible last-year's corduroy housecoat. Anna and Joyce are always dripping with drool and formula and Count Chocula; they are forever recommending knighthood for the man who invented the Snuggli, that fiendish pouch that allows a baby to dangle tumorlike on a parent's chest like a Photon target. I want to be like Sissy and Jessica and Jaclyn, whose pregnancies are documented in *Time*; I want a celebrity baby, a career decision, a new life that will "reorder my priorities" and help me stop fretting about Meryl.



Having a baby, the simple act of human reproduction, has become a heroic act. Biological deadlines, having it all, preschools: the modern mother hacks through a trend-heavy jungle of conflicting desires; she browses for a sperm donor, she does Jane Fonda prenatal, she considers a move to the suburbs, and everyone is supposed to care, to worry, to plunge to their collective knees at the Everest-like challenge of squeezing out a newborn. Giving birth is impressive for a single reason: it hurts incredibly. I sling it right up there with root-canal and having my broken arm straightened by three nurses when I was 12. I wasn't drugged, like the Demerol-blissed zomboids lolling in yesterday's delivery rooms. And if a woman selects natural childbirth, she's only fooling herself: anyone who refuses sedation, even during the baby shower, strikes me as lunatic.

New fathers are far worse. Ever since *Kramer vs. Kramer*, any man who hikes within 50 yards of a child receives the Alda Medalion, the Donahue Cup and a gift-boxed edition of Dr. Cosby's *Fatherhood*. Sting videotaped his live-in's labor and released it in theaters as part of his tour documentary, *Bring On the Night*. This is sadistic at best; every gal longs to be remembered by millions, drenched and screaming, with a tiny head between her legs. Upon becoming dads, Robin Williams and Chevy Chase forswore cocaine and booze, utterly transformed by those teeny fingers and shimmery spit bubbles. Having a child seems a fine reason to start drinking, since now you're saddled with a soiled, squalling mammal that can't do anything for itself or be left outside. Celebrity parents, one assumes, acquire nannies and nurseries along with their miracle bundles, while ghetto parents stay on smack and welfare. These remain equally plausible responses to the continued presence of something that smells bad and doesn't care.

A few years back, every celebrity in the world had a baby named Lily. Where are those babies today? Recently the city called for the removal of coin lockers from public terminals. There was a protest: the homeless, advocates claimed, required these lockers to house their meager possessions. A few lockers remain, but they are filled, I submit, not with Bowery knickknacks but with those Lilys, those star spuds, those Schuylers and Willas and David Mamet Jr.'s. Babies are cuddlesome photo opportunities, but actual children make a star seem ancient, encumbered, desexed. Star mites can also mature and scribble tell-alls, or become Emilio Estevez. In 20 years those lockers will be opened; the babies, nurtured in darkness, attuned to the clank of dropping quarters, will have merged into a single blubbing mass, a Gargantua, a formidable mega-youth. This will be the sole creature capable of battling Steven Spielberg's

baby, who will undoubtedly have been lavished with more Mattel products, *Entertainment Tonight* footage and movie dough than any sprout in history.

A dear friend of mine feels terribly pressured—she's been married five years and all her friends have bred, many repeatedly. She has devised an ideal solution. She and her husband have purchased a place at the beach. She carries a Polaroid of this friendly cottage in her wallet; at dinner parties she whips it out and calls sweetly, "Does anyone want to see a picture of the baby?" ③

GREAT PERFORMANCES:

THE MOB ON TRIAL

by Luc Sante

CRIME

WHEN THE TERM was employed on the Bowery around the turn of the century, *racket* meant a party, usually consisting of a rubber-chicken banquet followed by speeches and dancing. A racketeer, by extension, was anyone who threw such a shindig in his own honor. The racketeer might spend a full year drumming up paid "subscriptions" and usually made a sizable profit after the low-overhead function went off without most subscribers having bothered to attend. At the height of the craze, in the teens, this gimmick provided the major source of income for dozens of barflies and individualists.

Over time, with the disappearance of such society, the term *racket* lost its shape and began spreading like a blob. It began to signify any sort of rake-off, and eventually any sort of business; for example, orthodontists are frequently thought of as having "a pretty good racket." The term has adhered most tenaciously, though, to the activities of organized crime, specifically the Mafia, and has been employed pell-mell to cover every motley aspect of their business. The federal government's RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organization) Act is the attempted codification of this lexicographical miasma, and the word's portmanteau nature was made evident in the Mafia commission trial that coursed over much of last fall in Manhattan's Federal District Court.

The prosecution's major philosophical purpose was to prove that there is a Mafia—that is, an alternative business community based on a confederation of five Italian-descended families, active since Prohibition, who consult and collaborate with one another in a wide range of enterprises, all of which are illegal in whole or in part. On trial were eight men, three of whom were bosses of Mafia families—Anthony “Fat Tony” Salerno of the Genovese clan, Carmine “Junior” Persico of the Colombo family and Anthony “Tony Ducks” Corallo of the Lucchese family. (John Gotti, of the Gambino family, and Philip “Rusty” Rastelli, of the Bonanno family, were being tried elsewhere on separate charges.) The remaining five defendants were assorted underbosses, capos, *consiglieres* and garden-variety wise guys.

Since the trial's philosophical purpose was so vast and unwieldy, the prosecution subordinated it to the tactical purpose of incapacitating the families by cutting off their executive heads. These twin purposes dictated an unusually diverse array of charges that amounted to a core sampling of alleged Mafia activities. Some defendants were charged with murder, some with manipulation of the cement industry and all with, in one way or another, minding the store. The burden of the defense, besides merely to refute the charges, was to demonstrate that this combination of indictments amounted to something like putting a person in the dock for arson, bigamy, jaywalking and sedition all in the same sandwich.

The trial developed slowly, with many courses, as the menu bristled with charts, maps, photographs, videotapes, audiotapes, expert witnesses, surprise witnesses, ballistics tests, medical evidence, fiscal evidence, endless lists of figures, cartoons of spent shells in individual plastic bags, eight-part cross-examinations and interminable sidebar conferences. As frequently happens with criminal cases, a certain voyeuristic diversion was provided by detailed reconstructions of, for example, the daily lives of hit men. (They spend a lot of time in motels, discos and seafood restaurants.) The chief entertainment, however, was the performance of Junior Persico, who elected to act as his own lawyer. Persico, jailhouse-trained and making his maiden appearance at the bar, combined the amateur's enthusiasm, the professional's penetration, the defendant's urgency and the accent, humor and stage presence of three generations of Dead End Kids. True justice would have awarded Persico an Oscar, or at least a Tony, along with his sentence.

Persico, compact, bulbous-nosed, liver-lipped and with deep-purple pouches under his eyes, would solemnly act the barrister, then would whip off his half glasses and launch

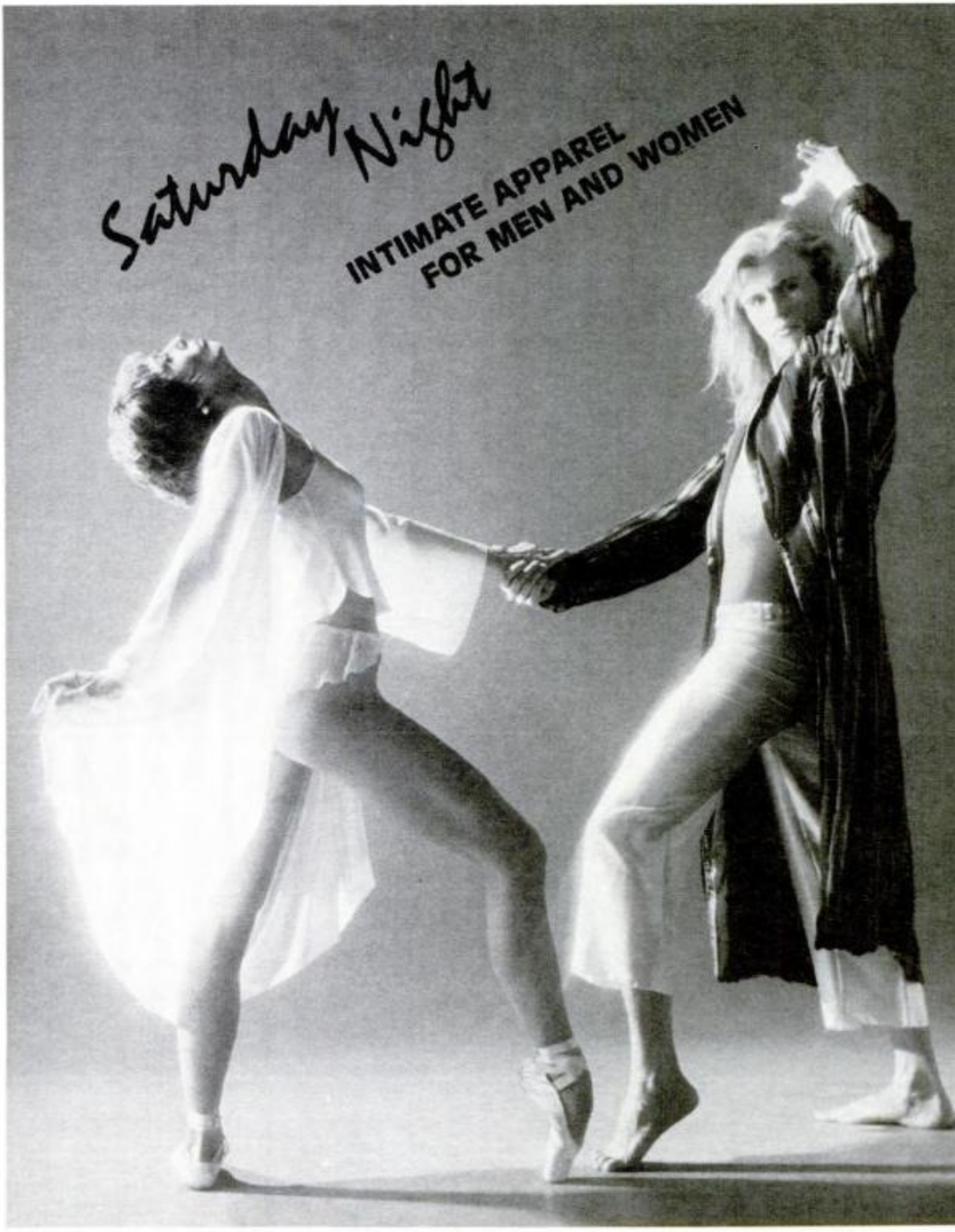
into the vernacular, becoming a guy standing in a bar rather than at one. Throughout the trial he took it upon himself to parse the esoteric workings of the law for the benefit of the jury and spectators, scolding the judge and prosecutors for using Latinate formulations that might confuse the untrained, and himself supplying man-on-the-street analogies. (At one point he characterized the proceedings as “a bus tour of Tinseltown.”) He effectively presented himself as someone capable but beleaguered, a working stiff caught up in the mechanism of the State. He charmed everyone present and may well have been responsible for a portion of the tears that welled up in the jury forewoman's eyes as she pronounced

the verdict.

On November 19 the jury returned verdicts of guilty on all counts, 17 of racketeering and 20 of extortion, labor payoffs and loan-sharking. The defendants all face possible sentences extending well into the 23rd century. The verdict will certainly lay to rest the Al Capone theory of mobsterism, in which anything goes as long as the tax man gets his, but no one can be really certain of the decision's overall effect on the Outfit. The organization has, over time, shown a capacity for rebirth and new growth not unlike that of a cut worm. Racketeers have proved vulnerable, but the amorphous and mucilaginous racket will no doubt slither on without them. ☹

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STRIVER'S ROW

by Taki

10021

AS EVERYONE WHO has ever heard of Alecko Papamarkou knows, the last two months of the year are to social climbers what July and August are to mountain climbers—the perfect time of year to shoot for the top.

Making it in the New York social scene, of course, isn't the awesome climb it used to be. Just as oxygen masks have helped mountain climbers overcome altitude sickness, so charity events have come to the aid of social strivers.

It is very simple, really. The catchword here is *philanthropy*, and the major philanthropic events are held during the last two months of the year. If one is not a fugitive from justice (and these days, even if one is), all one needs is an extremely healthy bank account and a facility to talk about nothing at all (and for hours on end) and presto, one can slither quickly up the social ladder. One might even get the wife profiled in *Vanity Fair* as a possible successor to Brooke Astor.

Which means great do-gooders such as the Gutfreunds, the Taubmans and Ann Getty (she also runs the private Weidenfeld literary charity), not to mention the Rohatyns, are as likely to be found at home at night at year's end as, say, Ivan Boesky is to be named head of the SEC.

Yes, eleemosynary is very big these days with the nouveaux riches. As Elsa Maxwell said to a rich pleb, "If you want to meet your betters, you'll have to come up with something better than yourself and the wife."

A lot of my fellow New Yorkers seem to be taking that advice to heart. Indeed, very few of the heroic modern tycoons of this great city know what it feels like to sit on a chair they haven't paid \$1,000 for.

The three main routes to the top are the New York City Ballet, the Literary Lions dinner for the New York Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum's annual Costume Institute bash. I found the ballet opening the most amusing: the program listed Robert Trump as one of the patrons. I hear, by the way, that his brother, Donald, is up for the Nobel prize for his fight against skin cancer. ("I will erect buildings so high that no New Yorker will ever be exposed to the sun. . .") And of course there was *la grande patronne* of the

ballet, Anne Bass, whose anorexic minions greeted her with excerpts from Gershwin's *Who Cares?*, to the audience's great delight.

Returning to Boesky, I knew all about him long before he made *Time*'s cover for his dishonesty and greed. By this I mean I had heard rumors about him, and of his talent for extricating himself from sticky situations.

Long ago a friend of mine told me a story about the crook, surely apocryphal but nevertheless quite apropos today. The young Boesky was working for my friend in a Detroit store when a difficult customer staged a sit-down on the counter. Boesky handled her beautifully, and an ugly scene was averted. When my friend heard about it, he called Boesky into his office and offered him a promotion to another store he owned, in Toronto. "Toronto?" protested Boesky. "There's nothing there but hookers and hockey players." My friend was hurt. "My mother comes from Toronto," he told him. "Oh, yes?" answered Ivan. "And what team does she play for?"

But back to social climbing, and Alecko Papamarkou. In a town of 7 million climbers, it is difficult to name one man or woman as the Sir Edmund Hillary of social mountaineering, but having studied my fellow Greeks these past few years, I am willing to go out on a precipice and declare Alecko the city's biggest climber. Mind you, it took a lot of soul-searching to reach this decision, but my conscience is clear. I apologize to such people as Oscar de la Renta, George Weidenfeld, Susan Gutfreund and of course Jerry Zipkin, but facts are facts. Alecko is the undisputed numero uno.

Although he has neither the money nor the naked business greed that are the usual prerequisites for a successful social assault in this town, he has managed to reach the peak by walking ladies so old that they are considered antiquities even in Palm Beach, and by engaging them in conversations so banal that even Robin Leach would not dare repeat them. He is also extremely friendly—so friendly, in fact, that he is often mistaken for an art dealer, or an East Side real estate agent.

Alecko must surely be suffering from a Karamazovian hangover by now, because for the last two months he has attended more charity events than Beirut has terrorists, and escorted more ladies than a Hollywood agent has phone lines.

Unlike the great philanthropists of this metropolis, I do not send a list to Suzy of who came to dinner or whose dinner I attended, but I must say that the bash Reinaldo Herrera and Glenn Bernbaum gave for visiting Spanish royals was the duller I attended. Perhaps it was because I knew only three people there: Reinaldo, Glenn and my wife. Oh, and the duchess of Feria, a wonderful lady who I eventually found out had been staying in my house (but keeping different hours than I was).

Needless to say, come the New Year every climber south of 96th Street retires to base camp in order to take stock, reflect and plan future expeditions. Base camps are situated in the Bahamas, the Swiss Alps and Palm Beach. The charity machine, too, takes a breather while the benefactors file their tax breaks. And then it starts all over again sometime in late spring. ☺

ARTIFICIAL SWEETS FOR THE SWEET

by Ann Hodgman

EATING

PREPARATIONS FOR Valentine's Day feasts and dances can get so hectic—maybe you should start making your gift candy early. Call Maid of Scandinavia *now* and you'll still have plenty of time to make your costume too.

You can get anything from Maid of Scandinavia, a cooking-supply company in Minneapolis: fake blueberry bits for fake blueberry muffins; for cake tops, giant Communion-like wafers decorated with a man's hands punching a computer keyboard. And for the "rice" part of your heart-shaped Nestlé's Crunch bars, there's the mysterious substance Firm & Chewy 201.

But first you'll need to buy chocolate. Let's not get real chocolate this time. Flavored Melt & Molds come in prettier colors than brown, and besides, they're magic: if they melt on the way home, you can scrape them up and reuse them without losing any flavor. But they're not shiny enough for you? Paint on some confectioners' glaze and Melt & Molds "take on a look of fine ceramic." Don't worry—the smell will go away when the glaze dries.

I'm relieved finally to be able to order Nulomoline for home use. This standardized invert sugar will keep grainy candies from drying out—and it comes in a seven-pound pail, thank God. I'm going to use it when I make those grainy Valentine's Day mints people like so much; of course, I'll drop them through my Mint Patty Funnel onto my grooved Vinyl Mint Mat.

Now, which acid to use? Candy's sine qua non, citric acid, is good for most fruit-flavored candies, but malic acid has a slightly salty overtone that, for some reason, makes it more suitable for sour-apple flavoring. I wonder

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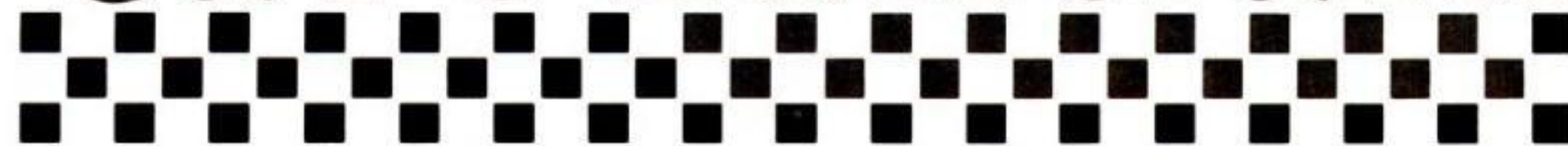
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FABULOUS FOOD

how it will go with that pound of powdered Van-O-Van I'm getting. Van-O-Van is *much* better than real vanilla, because it's pure white. It only turns brown if you leave it uncovered. (You know how air makes things dirty.)

Finally, decoration. It's nice to give your candy a personal touch, and I find this is best accomplished with reusable plastic guys. Tiny plastic trout? A tiny plastic Basketball Net Set? ("Aren't these players ridiculous looking?" the Maid of Scandinavia blurts out. "They are in an exaggerated position of readiness for the game.") Tiny plastic *heads* of graduates? They're all here, ready for your personal Valentine. Have a special, special time. ☺

OLD ENOUGH TO RULE

by Ellis Weiner

HOW TO BE A GROWN- UP

DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS, liberals and conservatives—Americans of every political stripe and coloration will be horrified to learn that as of this past

Halloween, I have been eligible to run for president of the United States for an entire year. And although I have not run yet, there is no guarantee that I will continue to resist temptation. Turning 35 and then 36 when one was so recently 27 is, of course, mitigated hell—but as the fat lady said to the vicar, consider the alternative.

(Actually, the fat lady said no such thing to the vicar. But too many book reviews and essays have cited the beloved punch lines of jokes supposed to be classics but that I've never heard. I find reading them wounding and embarrassing, like hearing about a party to which I wasn't invited. Well, as the prostitute said to the bailiff, I can play that game, too.)

My first reaction, once someone reminded me that in fact I was old enough to vie for the White House, was naturally to run out the door and begin kissing hands and shaking babies and soliciting sums of money from large corporate interests. I even rehearsed, smooching with continental suavity my very own fingers and giving my ten-month-old son, Nathaniel, a vigorous rattle. But then I realized what I was contemplating—being presi-

dent. Was I worthy? Was I nuts? There followed a spasm of civic inspection.

Is it in one's best interests to run for, or from, the highest office in the land? For the nation's sake, is one fit to place one's ruggedly unmanicured finger on The Nuclear Button, or ought one to stay put and keep it firmly fastened on the belly button? Is one now, or has one ever been, a good citizen?

In a very real sense, I have been. The scrupulous honesty with which I pay my federal, state and local taxes is exceeded only by my proud, flared-nostriled desire not to go to jail. I am courteous to my professional peers and helpful to the destitute—this in New York, where the two groups are virtually identical. I hardly ever foment activity intended to overthrow the government, and I won't give the time of day to enemies, foreign or domestic. I sometimes vote and I never, ever litter. I am more or less a paragon of civic virtue.

On the other hand, I happen to regard every president of the last two dozen years as a graduate, cum laude, of the institution a friend of mine calls L'École de Bozo Arts. In that regard I may not be a model citizen or qualify as presidential material. But I'm certainly on my way to being a card-carrying grown-up.

Adulthood, we know, consists in giving up the old illusions of youth and replacing them with the new illusion that one at last has no illusions and is an adult. Thus it is with grown-ups too. (The terms are not quite syn-



onymous. A grown-up is an adult doing something he would rather not do.) One of the first fantasies that must be jettisoned by both groups is the lofty, if stupid, idea that the president of the United States is an exceptional person.

It's a common misconception. After all, implicit in the trappings and ceremony surrounding the chief executive is the relentlessly repeated message "This is one great guy." The American child grows up absorbing the assumption that in order to become president, you have to be The Best Person in the Country.

But look at this lineup: Lyndon Johnson. Richard Nixon. Gerald Ford. Jimmy Carter. Ronald Reagan. A cowboy who thought he could wage war against poverty and Vietnam, for free. A paranoid who publicly regrets only that he wasn't more criminal. A lamebrain whose inadequacies showed up even on television. A former Sunday-school teacher who believed he could lead the nation and manage Congress simply—like Jesus Christ—by setting a good personal example. A mediocre actor who, deprived of a written script, jauntily improvises fantasy, nonsense and lies.

Two hundred and forty million people and this is what we get? Could we have done any worse electing, in random sequence, The Dave Clark Five? Does any grown-up worth his salt substitute actually admire any of these men? I don't mean a lukewarm, shilly-shallying found-something-to-respect-in-them, like LBJ's political instincts, Nixon's realpolitik, Ford's, uh... Carter's moral sense, or even—it kills me to say it—Reagan's good humor with a bullet in his lung. I mean headshaking, beer-buying admiration, the sort of feeling one has toward, say, Julius "Dr. J" Erving, or Vladimir "Volodya" Nabokov, or Einstein, or Gandhi, or George C. Scott.

(And don't talk to me about JFK. When somebody launches into one of those misty-eyed Camelot threnodies about The Young Prince, His Elegant Lady Fair and The One Brief Shining Moment, I think, *Kennedy shmenedy, threnody*. My attitude about this started to change about ten years ago when a girlfriend stunned me out of an unexamined, received Jackophilia with the offhand observation that "Ask not what your country can do for you, etc." was in fact a proto-Fascist formula par excellence. Your country, in a democracy, exists *precisely* in order to "do for you.")

The American child believes that as Daddy is to him or her, so the president is to Daddy. The American grown-up, though, who was once 27 but somehow has become 36 and a daddy, knows he must relinquish his comforting notion of a wise, intelligent, humane, sensitive, rational, halfway decent leader who isn't a complete yutz and learn to endure whatever semi-ept prevaricating Bozoid comes along. Grasping fully, and without despair, the principle that the president is not a first-rate person but rather some guy the agency sent over because the first-rate persons were all booked—perhaps that is the meaning of good citizenship.

Perhaps it isn't. Still, who wants to add his name to that shoddy group? Therefore, grown-up, do not hesitate to reassure your son (everybody calm down—the same applies to daughters), "America is the country where any young man can grow up to be president. Fortunately, he doesn't have to." ☺

UN-BRITISH
CROSSWORD
ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. To frolic is to caper, and a caper is—incontestably—a little green thing. An overrated little green thing, in my view.
4. A majorette twirls a baton. In my high school, in fact, we had a B-squad of majorettes called the Twirlettes. All this reeks of sexism, I realize. What can I do? I am only one person.
9. A revenue agent destroys (moon)shine. *Never* returning is *reven*, love in tennis is *0*, and a poetic version of *over* is *o'er*.
12. Norman Bates is a psycho. The University of Texas and the University of Tennessee are both UT.
16. Tofu is a curd, and the word *tofu* when chewed gives us *out* and *F*, which is short for *forte*, which is Italomusical for "loud."
22. AP is a wire service. Ian is a Scot, Ari is a Greek. Put 'em together and what have you got? No, forget "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo." That's kiddie stuff. *Apiarian* has to do with beekeeping.
23. To husband is to manage. The whole *language* reeks of sexism. All I can do is offer a small joke here and there and hope that Jeane Kirkpatrick goes bald.
26. *Ex* can mean "retired," LAX is the abbreviation for the Los Angeles International Airport. You may recall that Ex-Lax figured in December's Un-British Crossword, tangentially. These references do not constitute an endorsement. I'm no expert, but I'd say plenty of fluids, fruit and fiber is the way to go.
28. GRE (Graduate Record Examination) surrounding *easy* (as in "take it easy"), leading to N.D. Taking hold of the greasy end of anything while wearing gloves would mess them up. When I was in high school, "Take it easy, Greasy, you've got a long way to slide" was a popular lubricious expression.
29. *On* taken with *gad*. *Gonad* was another popular term when I was in high school—among us boys. We didn't know that ovaries were gonads, too. We were young, male persons. We dated, ideally, majorettes. Perhaps we should have offered to be majorettes. I don't know. It was all so long ago.

DOWN

1. The great thing about this puzzle (as opposed to life) is, where else are you going to find a poor corporate lawyer?
3. *Reneg*: messy *green*. ERs: emergency rooms.
4. To moon is to flash one's hindquarters. This is an awfully adolescent puzzle, isn't it? Have you been to a movie lately?
5. Little neologism here. Go ahead, ban this puzzle as smut. You'll just whet the youth market's desire for it.
6. *E*: energy. *Reduc* is rude form of *crude*. Hey nonny-nonny.
7. "Exhaustive, it's said" equals "sounds like 'thorough.'" A benefit, at least in theory, is a good.
13. Again, *love* in tennis is zilch. A sequel to "Since You Lost Your Love Handles, I Feel You Slipping Away."
15. "With *outré* eerie plight" is kind of tricky. *Outré* serves double duty, once to signal rearranging *eerie plight* and once, with *with*, to mean "without *re*." If this clue didn't have a pig in it, it would be almost too nifty to be wholly likable.
21. PR, as in public relations, is puffing. *A* is *A*. A TD (touch-down) is *six* (points). Flip that *six*. Praxis makes perfect. A dubious proposition, but *cute*.
22. British crosswords are always quoting Shakespeare and W. S. Gilbert. Well, we have literature over here, too.
25. "I had briefly" is *I'd*, which sounds like ("by word of mouth") *eyed*, which means "viewed." As it says on the T-shirt (a lower art form than this puzzle), ARE WE HAVING FUN YET? I saw a T-shirt in a New Orleans shop window that said, LET GO OF MY EARS, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. Who *wears* these T-shirts? ☺

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Party Poop

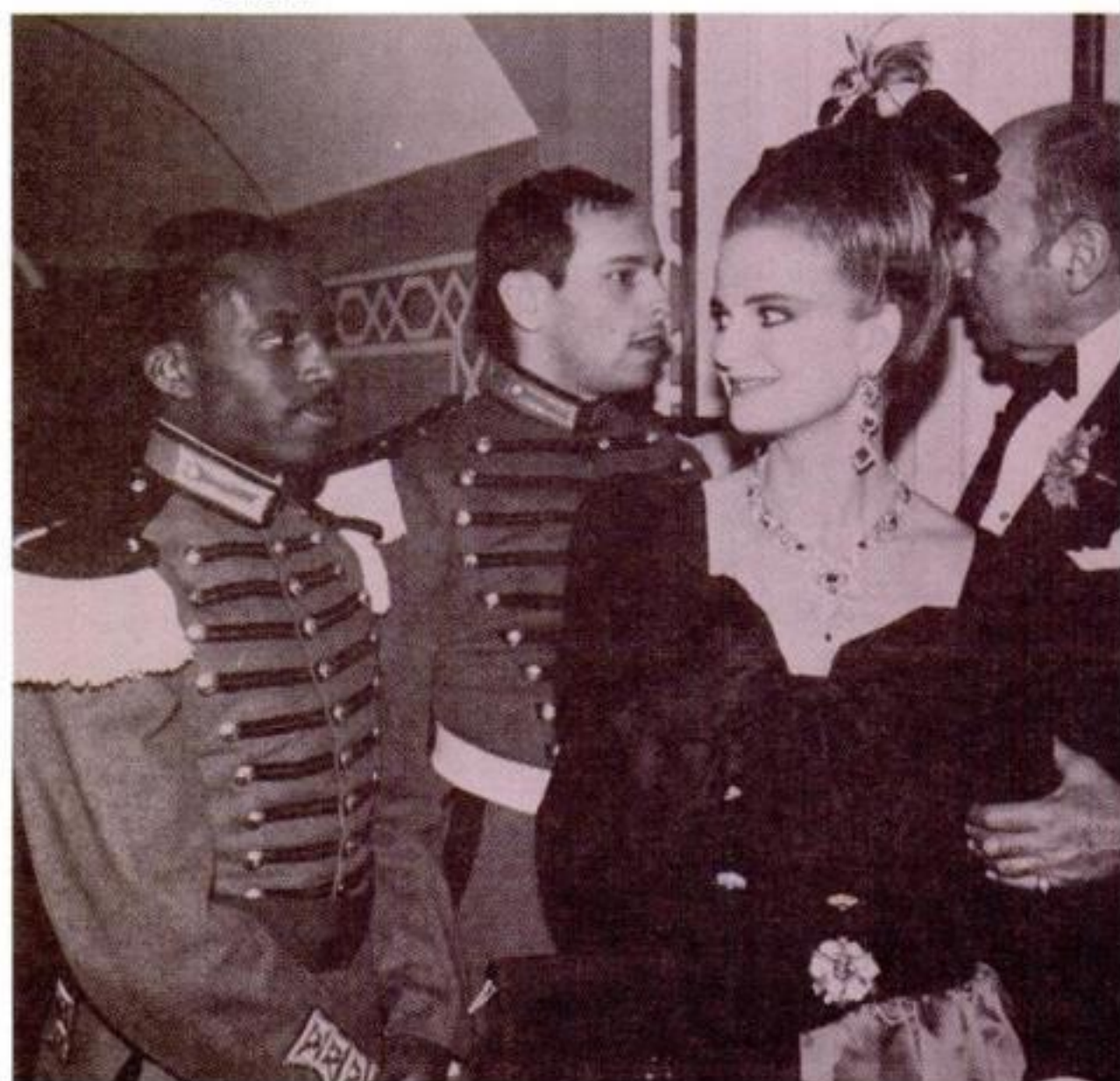
THIS IS THE NEW AGE OF OBVIOUSNESS, and come-hither glances are making a comeback. The preternaturally energetic princess of the come-on, Gloria Von Thurn und Taxis (below), shot a musky look at a Waldorf footman recently as she entered the April in Paris Ball with unceasingly embarrassed husband Johannes. Patti Lupone (top right), at the Plaza, prefers squeezing a gourd (in celebration of the harvest) and smiling a goofy smile (in celebration of the photo opportunity). At the Astaire Awards, the undead debutante Ginger Rogers (right) opted for the ageless coming-out-party look. Overgrown baby mogul Sherry Lansing has always had good luck with the classic goo-goo eyes approach, demonstrated here (below right) with wet-look casino operator Donald Trump at Harry Winston's book party for *The Golden Circle*.



After Kermit the Frog, the remarkable new Dianne Brill balloon was the big hit of Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.



INNOVATIVE GUESTS Above left: At an Excelsior Club bash, fashion designer Francesca Braschi takes time out to exercise her designer body with aerobiceuse High Voltage, whose unfortunate motto is "Fashion not fashion! Flex appeal not sex appeal!" Above right: Rich woman Laura Johnson, determined to blend in with the surroundings, apparently pruned a bit off the six-foot-tall centerpieces to wear as camouflage headgear. Left: Coffee achiever Rick James at a Stringfellows party for Christina Oxenberg's "book," *Taxi*.



Listerine heiress Sue Whitmore, solitary as usual, lingers behind the dessert table at the Hilton's cerebral palsy benefit.



ITTY-BITTY GUYS AND GREAT BIG GALS Left to right: Lord Weidenfeld steps on Lally Weymouth's foot at the American Book Awards, causing her to hunch forward in pain. To avoid towering over Brendan Gill, Jackie O. thoughtfully squats on the wall at the Municipal Arts Society dinner. Drastic differences in height don't bother some people: English tennis-dress designer Ted Tinling and Bobby Riggs seem to be having a swell time at a sports dinner at the Waldorf. And Arthur Schlesinger Jr., seen here at the American Book Awards, likes looking up to his giantess wife, Alexandra.

Once in a while we just can't resist



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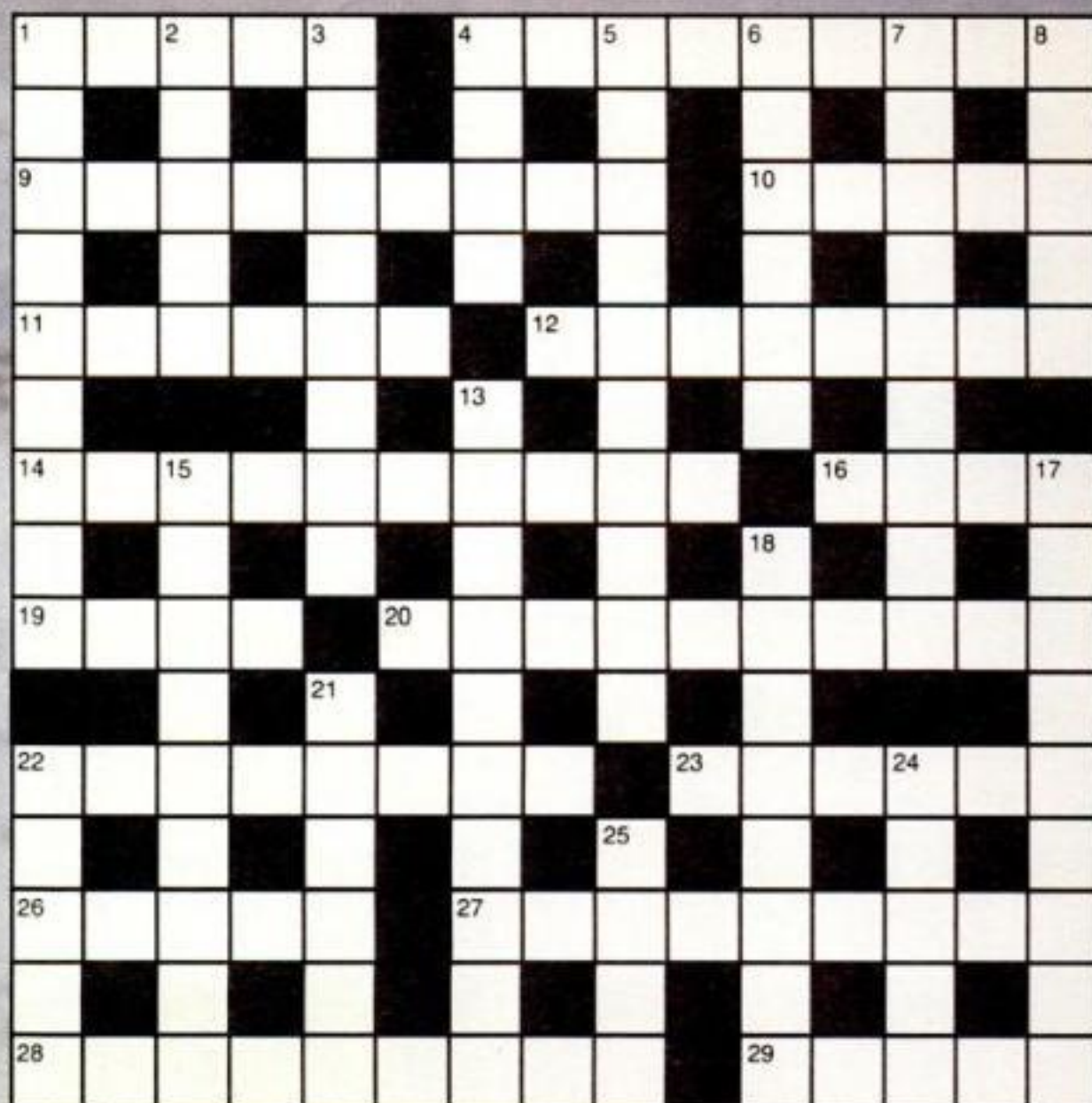
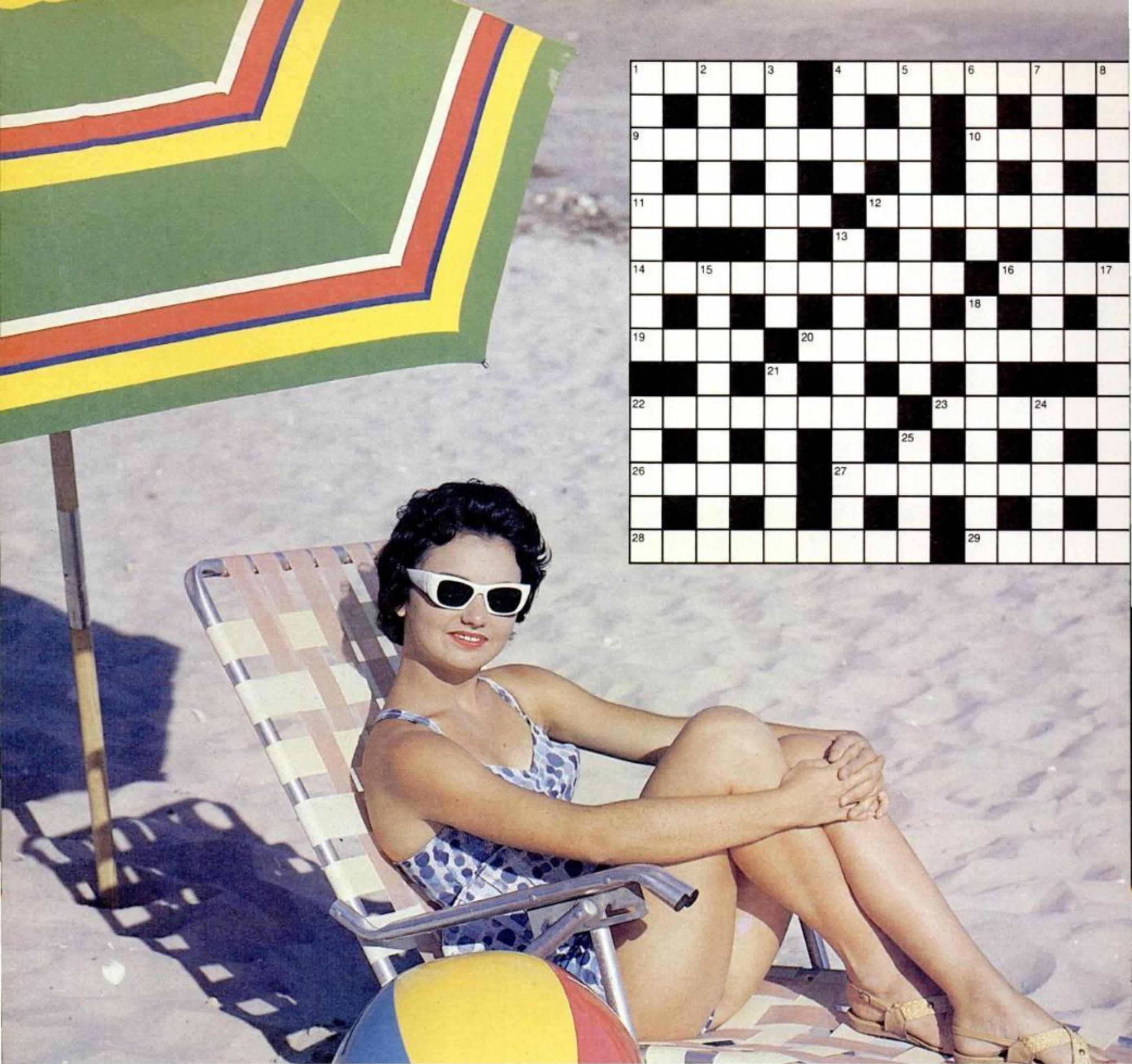


EVER COOL, Swedish brat Eric Wachtmeister demonstrates an ancient Laplander method of getting a rude doorman's attention at the Tunnel.



Gay divorcée Madonna (above) and barmaid Nell Campbell (below) strut their overexposed stuff at the Barneys AIDS benefit.





THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Frolic, little green thing! (5).
 4. Little colonel's underling twirls (9).
 9. Never returning love over-poetic, he spoils the shine (9).
 10. Doctor! Single! Finds no honey! (5).
 11. Egad! Lo! Turn around! It's gaining on us! (3,3).
 12. Norman Bates goes to school in Austin or Knoxville to throw someone mentally (5,3).

14. Late movie (5,5).
 16. Curd chewed out loud (4).
 19. Former spouses, after a point, doing it backward (4).
 20. Grateful fan and mayor, driven, conveying nothing (10).
 22. Wire service: "Scot Swallows Greek Concerned With Hives" (8).
 23. Husband is sexist personage (6).
 26. Retired coastal airport causes movement (2-3).
 27. Hitch put Doris up in

them, scared them out of us (9).

28. Advanced test includes cool way to take it—to North Dakota. Don't take it with white gloves (6,3).
 29. On being taken in by quaint oath, drops eggs (5).

DOWN

1. Poor, crazy, in a box: a kind of lawyer (9).
 2. The way within the law is hard (5).
 3. They back out of messy green emergency rooms (8).

4. Full or half or quarters flashed (4).
 5. Is Jud purer, confused, or a Meese Commission lawyer? (10).
 6. Trim by rude, crude energy (6).
 7. Rocking George provides, it's said, exhaustive benefit (9).
 8. Chris upset! (5).
 13. "Zilch May Be My CB Name, but Get a Grip on This" (4,6).
 15. Orwellian squeal, in re equals, with outré eerie plight (3,3,3).

17. Laundress edges toward the tub. . . . In there! Bare (9).
 18. Being in touch is telling (8).
 21. Puffing, a TD flip makes perfect (6).
 22. "Oh who that ever lived and loved/Can look upon — — — — — unmoved?" —Clarence Day (2,3).
 24. Gray, like chicken (5).
 25. I had briefly, by word of mouth, viewed (4).

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 59.

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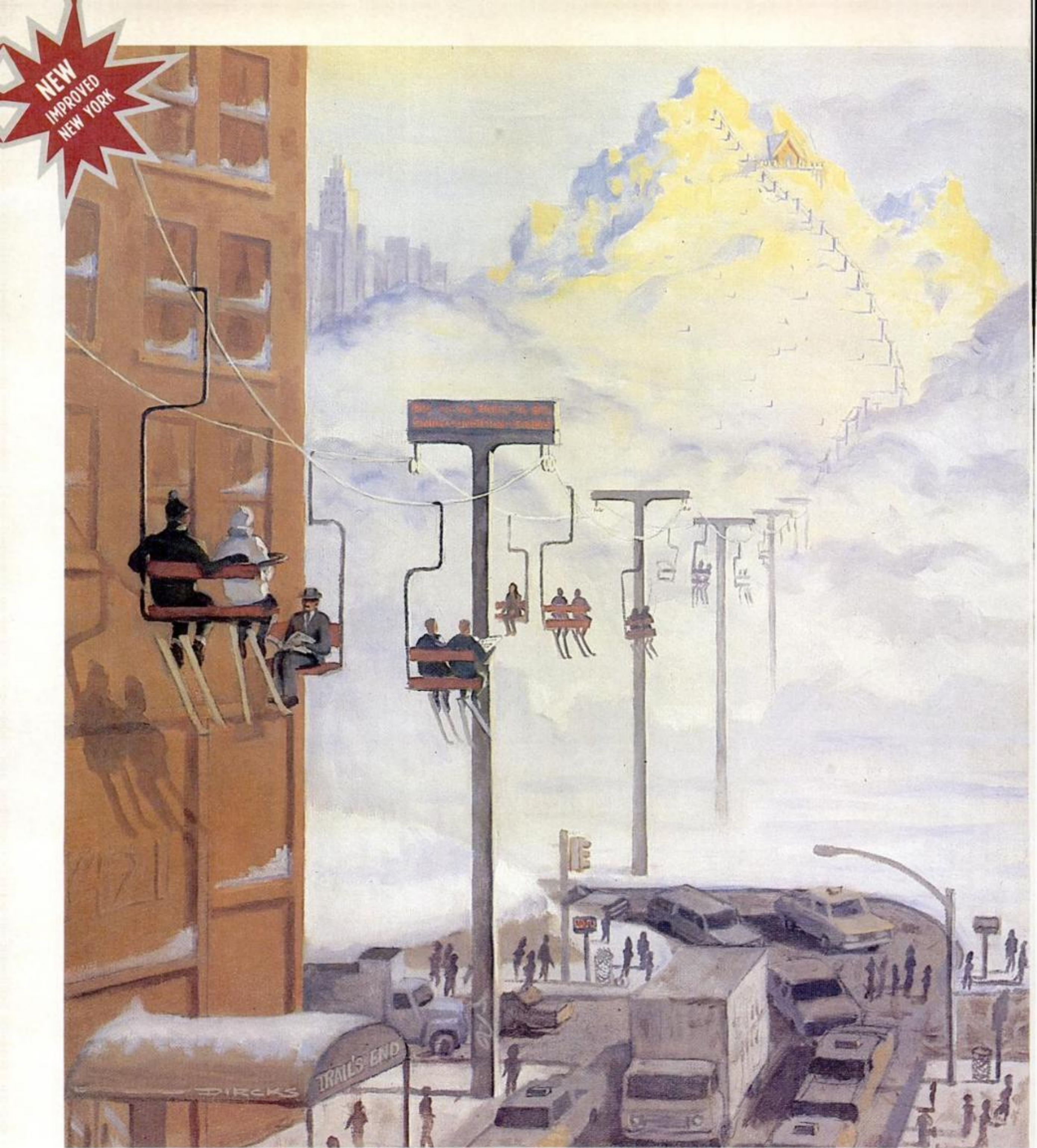
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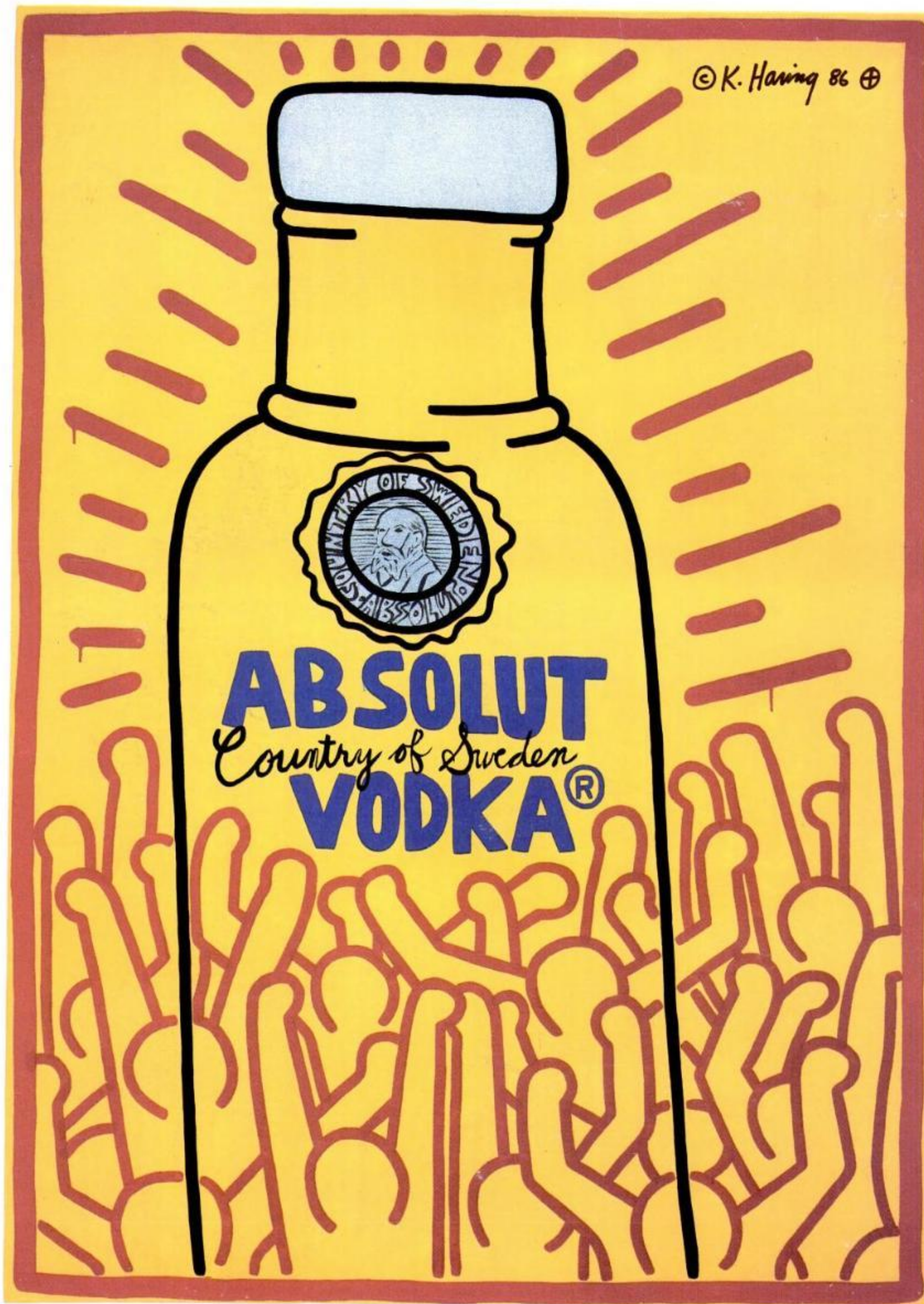
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